

INSIDE: President Reagan's radical surgery

Maclean's

JULY 22, 1985

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TWO DAYS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Forty years
after The Bomb

The secret race
for a deadly weapon

Nagasaki then
and now

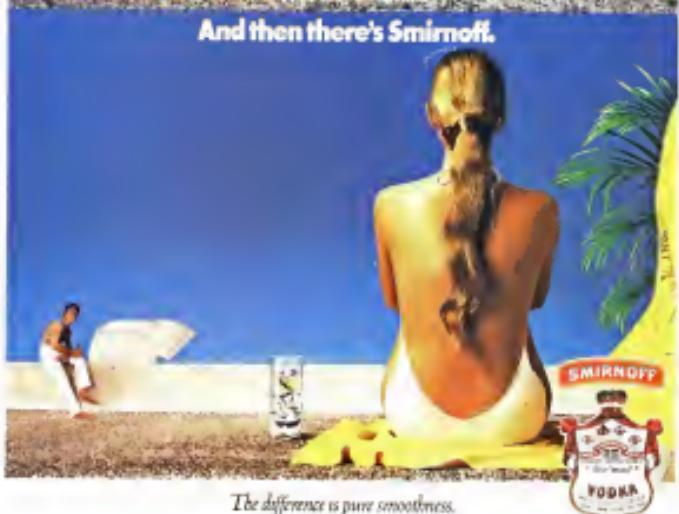
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JULY 31, 1981 VOL. 86 NO. 30

COVER

The legacy of Hiroshima

On Aug. 6 and Aug. 9, 1945, United States B-29 bombers dropped an extremely powerful new weapon, the atom bomb, on the unsuspecting Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, causing death and destruction on a scale previously unimagined. With that, a nuclear arms race, which now threatens the future of planet itself, began.

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COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK TIMES



Fighting the fires of summer
Thousands of firefighters and volunteers in Canada and the western United States battled blazes which had forced the evacuation of towns and villages

—Page 8



A startling tennis triumph
Wimbledon men's singles champion Boris Becker of West Germany returned home to receive a bonus from his fans—and a bark from the German weekly *Die Zeit*. —Page 48



Reagan's brief crisis

U.S. President Ronald Reagan temporarily transferred power because of his major surgery last week, but took back the reins less than eight hours later

—Page 28



The comeback queen

After years as a battened wife and a frenetic force in America's dance and soul revue, singer Tina Turner has bounced back to become the sexiest woman in pop

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LETTERS

Equally barbaric

Your coverage of the taking of the American hostages and the relatives of American politicians has been astute and informative ("The powers of terror," Cover, July 13). However, there is one aspect of the situation that I do not understand. How are they to hold 700 citizens of Lebanon, when they have taken by force after destroying their homes, that number of Lebanese? It's hard to hold a much smaller number of Americans? The murder of the American servicemen was indeed barbaric, but so was the invasion of Lebanon. What can be more barbaric than to see shells and bombs raining into buildings occupied by families, whether those families may be? The life of one human being is as precious as that of another.

—SARAH A. WISE,
Kolomna, B.C.

The mystery of Mengel

I am intrigued. Was Josef Mengel deliberately left on the bone ("Days of the last Nazi," World, June 20)? There was a man accused of the most hideous crimes against humanity in general and the Jews in particular. The United States, West Germany and Israel wanted to bring him to justice. The investigating capability of the United States and West Germany must be among the best in the West. The competence, amphetamine and effectiveness of the Israeli security are legendary. There were both gulags. The old signs of Mengel's handiwork, his almost stationary and expected existence for 15 years in the most inaccessible part of Brazil, has family in West



Hostage Akio Gotoh, in foreground

Germany, correspondence, transmissions and traps were all there for the snapping. So how come he escaped justice?

—E. B. KAO,
Honolulu

Not amused Down Under

I hardly know whether or not to write a serious response to Allan Fotheringham's column on Australia ("The real threat to America," May 27). If the piece was intended in a light-hearted vein, then your readers are indeed easily amused. What is disturbing about the piece is its hubris, overstatement and sheer intellectual slovenliness, which, ironically, say more about your country than they do about mine. All Canadians should be deeply embarrassed if this sort of codet-grade journalism finds expression in your national newsmagazine.

—A. CHODOROW,
Sydney, Australia

Every society has its underclass, and they tend to find associates with similar ideals at home and abroad. Allan Fotheringham had no trouble in either London or Australia. —KELVIN PITTMORE,
Kinsale, Ireland

Giving it all away

I fully agree with O'Toole's basic observations to fiber the good kites from the bad. My only criticism of his is that sometimes he gives too much away. O'Toole cited Caso as much that he told the whole plot in his paragraphs ("When the old become new," Film, July 13). Next time, could I send him review without noting out that "the better did it?" —JACK E. GALLAGHER,
Santa Fe, N.M.

Letters are welcome and may be condensed. We reserve the right to publish only those we consider appropriate. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, Maclean-Hunter Bldg., 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 2A7.

PASSAGES

NOMINATED American career diplomat Thomas Niles, 65, whose foreign service experience extends over 22 years and includes posts in Moscow, Belgrade and Brussels, as U.S. ambassador to Canada, by President Ronald Reagan. An advocate of free trade, Niles was responsible for Canadian affairs at the state department from 1981 to 1983, when read min. and Ottawa's now-defunct Foreign Investment Review Agency handled a list of controversial transborder cases. Niles, his wife, Carol, and their children, John, 16, and Mary, 13, expect to move to Ottawa shortly after the U.S. Senate confirms Niles in the position.

APPOINTED Western film director Peter Pearson, 47, an executive director of Telefilm Canada, the federal film and video development agency, by Communications Minister Hazel McCallion through an order-in-council of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and the cabinet. Pearson, who resigned from his job as head of Telefilm's broadcast fund last month after Minister freed André Lamont, then executive director and Pearson's boss, had held several positions in both film and TV and such industry organizations as the Directors Guild of Canada.

APPOINTED University of Toronto professor and the university's former president David Strangway, 51, as president of the University of British Columbia, by the university's board of governors. Strangway, who worked on the Apollo space program in the early 1970s before he became a diplomat and later president of the geology department at U of T, replaces George Fodor. Fodor resigned last month to protest against government restraint policies, which reduced education budgets and caused the university to raise its tuition fees by 30 per cent last year.

RESIGNED David Stockman, 38, director of the office of management and budget in Ronald Reagan's administration since 1981. A firm defender of the controversial Reagan budget plan and a supporter of smaller government, Stockman is scheduled to leave his job on Aug. 1 and join the New York investment banking company Salomon Brothers on Nov. 1.

1986 Nobel Prize-winning economist Simon Kuznets, 84, credited with pioneering the components of modern economic analysis, at his home in Cambridge, Mass. Kuznets initiated such economic concepts as the gross national product and national income, and won the 1971 Nobel Prize in economics for his work in on national income accounts to describe growth patterns.

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's
What's on your mind.

FOLLOW-UP

A renegade out of power

John Gamble grewed as the results of the first ballot of the 1985 Progressive Conservative leadership convention were announced. "Seventeen votes," he muttered. "That's terrible." A proud renegade, he had campaigned against the cut, severe measures, foreign aid, bilingualism and his party's leader, Joe Clark, and he had lost. Then, in the Sept. 6, 1986, general election, he also lost his York North riding, one of only two members from Toronto to be defeated in the Brian Mulroney sweep. Now happily settled onto life as a small-town tax lawyer in one of Canada's richest communities, Markham, Ont., Gamble, 51, told Maclean's: "Losing an electoral race is nothing compared to the aftermath of abandoning one's principles."

Gamble said that he has always enjoyed "scratching holes" at what is wrong. Less than a year after he unseated the ailing York North was from Liberal minister Bernard Druzin in 1973, he openly demanded a review of Clarke's leadership. He gained notoriety when he was the leader of a handful of Tory MPs to reject an all-party motion to send condolences to Yoko Ono, widow of slain Beatle John Lennon, in 1980. He was one of the dismantling Tories who voted against the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, "because it gives too much power to judges."

But eventually Gamble's penchant for controversy isolated him, and by February, 1986, his own riding association had decided that his right-wing views were an embarrassment. Peter Whiteman, then vice-president of the York North RC Association, told reporters, "He is an extremist." That month the association itself was won from the York North constituency by overturning his nomination to run for another term in Parliament. Its unopposed move was organized by the Tory national executive, and Gamble retained the nomination. As a result, 10 prominent association members quit.

But the voters accomplished what the association did not: when Gamble last sat in an Independent candidate, Anthony Bliman, a former Conservative. As he pressed a cherry tree in his backyard, Gamble expressed ambivalence about returning to politics. "If there is something one can accomplish in politics, then it's not time to leave," he said. And for a fighter, there is always another battle. —SHELDY ABRAMSON



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The preoccupation with tears

By Charles Gordon

Try to remember the last time you watched a television news program without seeing a camera tightly focused on someone's audience. More and more, the media treat grief as big news.

Each harrier in the world finds his corresponding hoarse in the news media. You will be all too familiar with the routine by now. The relative of a victim is speaking. The camera moves in, closer than usual. A tear falls. The camera finds it. Switch to another station the instant the same tear (switch again) is found, people are weeping, clapping a hand, the newspaper's photo of the grief of the man's son. If the picture is good, as it is on television, the words under the photo will make sure you know that tears were being shed. The television with tears is not thwarted by their absence. "There are no tears behind the dark glasses," began one story about a relative of an Air-India victim.

No one would object to tears on their television screens, tears in their newspapers, if they were not for the nagging suspicion that the newspapers and television networks are actively looking for them, searching for grief to bring into the living rooms of the nation. The sorrow hunt makes ghosts of the news media, exploiting both those who are grieving and those who are watching.

Does anybody enjoy it? Not likely. Ask any newspaper, photographer or television cameraman, how happy he is to be shooting away among the mourners. Ask any reporter how much he enjoys talking to people how unhappy they are. And ask the subjects if it helps them deal with their grief to have people taking their pictures and asking them questions. As for the consumers of this news—? news is what it is—many are unhappy too. It often tends to be snowdrifting on the worst moment in another person's life.

So why inflict cameras on the mourners, the relatives or the public? "The public has a right to know," is one stock answer. "We don't make the news, we just report it," is another. No one will argue with the first one. We do have a right. But in the case of grieving relatives, we already know.

No one has to tell us that when normal people die their relatives grieve. It would be news if they did not. That, in fact, is one definition of news—some-

thing unexpected; something new. This definition gives rise to the hard-boiled newsman's defense of all the negative, depressing and anxiety-producing stories in the paper: "It's not news," he will tell you, "when a plane doesn't crash." Think about that the next time someone says, "We don't make the news, we just report it." If it is an noteworthy when a plane doesn't crash, why is it news that people grieve when they do?

The irony of the media's obsession with grief is that grief is not news, by the commonly accepted definition of the term. It is not unexpected. It is normal, steady, and should not be news. People only make news when they grieve in unpredictable ways, by being unusually brave, vicious, lucky or silly.

Grief is not news, then. Grief is spec-

ulation. By making a spectacle out of grief

the media cheapen it, trivialize it. The

tears of the victim's mother may be

perhaps there is a little real emotion in our lives that we are tired of it whenever it is given to us by the media. Note that performers who at least have to be emotional—*Breakfast at Tiffany's*? Remember *Judy Garland*?—often attain enormous popularity. Note the success of soap operas, professional wrestling, *Love Story* and any number of druggy songs.

The more reserved a nation is, the more they, the more virile and emotional tends to be their media. In support of that theory, take to *Sabrina* A. the British, *Family Ties*, and *Family Matters* the Americans, less reserved than the British. Our newsmen are not particularly sentimental, our television news is not particularly personal. But more and more our news media see less concern with the way people feel about it. This is defined on the grounds of giving the people what they want.

Whether the people really want it or not, it does happen to be easier to provide. Journalists do not have to work as hard to explain people's reactions to events as they do to explain the events themselves. To analyze a federal budget takes off and depth of understanding. Neither is required to show people being angry about the budget. You stick the microphone into their faces and ask them how mad they are.

It is less immediately productive to stick a microphone into a budget's face. The budget is not mad. It is not even happy. It is just there, its columns of figures reading out confusing and sometimes contradictory signals. Many reporters have the shift and the depth of understanding necessary to translate those signals into English, to show what a cut in *Calgary* A means to the economy of Northern Alberta. But few reporters are encouraged to do so. For most news executives, telet is enough. Yet in the long run the analysis is far more important, potentially far more helpful than the full and comprehensive coverage of someone's rage.

The same goes for full and comprehensive coverage of someone's grief. The grief is real. We know it, we sympathize with it. But if someone tries to tell us that the explanation of the grief of others is being done on our behalf, we should say "No thanks. Leave those people alone."

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the *Calgary Times*.



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Fighting the fires of summer

By Sherri Aikenhead

The people and the forests is the southeastern corner of British Columbia suffered through the greatest danger and devastation. And last week, from coast to coast, hundreds of forest fires raged through sun-baked timberland, forced the evacuation of towns and villages and caused many

to wonder if a major attack on the approaching fire on Thursday had succeeded in holding. (At the Bay St. Louis resident James Davis, 72, "had no fears at all. I felt the authorities could handle it." But by week's end B.C. forestry officials had nearly exhausted their resources battling more than 700 fires, and they had resorted to recruiting out-of-work, inexperienced young men to

Creek, 60 km west of Kamloops, had travelled 20 km toward Canal Flats, destroyed almost 25,000 acres of forest and surrounded 2,000 trees with black smoke. Even more threatening was the possibility of that fire combining with four others burning out of control in the southeast region, including the Bear Creek fire, and forming a firestorm similar to one in Goose Bay, Lab., late last month. That blaze generated winds



Battling the quickly spreading flames over Canal Flats, B.C., with so many fires, reports had to be updated hourly

people to fear for their homes, their jobs and even their lives. Fires blazed out of control in Alberta, Manitoba and Newfoundland, while in British Columbia fires broke out at a rapid rate that provincial officials began updating the news hourly. As with large sections of 14 U.S. states were burning, and in California, forest fires have killed three people. In the southeastern B.C. hunting grounds of Canal Flats, threatened by flames since early in the week, all but a handful of residents among the 1,600 residents had been evacuated by the weekend to nearby Kimberley—which was itself in danger of being surrounded by a 5,500-acre blaze eight kilometers away from the town of 7,276. Declared B.C. Forestry Minister Thomas Waterland: "We are now in a war situation."

By the end of the week the province's largest fire, spanning more than 5,000 acres, had been extinguished by 1.5 mph wind and just made two miles into the air. Said Kenneth Collier, an official in Newfoundland's department of forest resources and lands: "None of whom had never seen a forest fire before." B.C. Forestry ministry spokesman Paul Davis told Maclean's that the province had no other source of needed manpower. Said Davis: "We are not clearing out bear pastures, but we are desperate." With Canal Flats still in danger of being overrun by flames, even the critic of the province's firefighting methods (federal Canal Flats mill worker Lloyd Fossman: "They are pretty damn slow and hot. If the hell goes, the town goes.")

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Devastation near Quesnel, B.C. Thousands of people forced from their homes

normal fire season, but obviously this is abnormal and we just sat on it."

In another development on the weekend, some B.C. tourist operators argued that they said was "unprecedented" media coverage of the fire. Said Michael Roth, president of the Rocky Mountain Visitors Association: "What we don't want to happen here is to scare off the tourists. We don't really feel we are getting a fair shake. Every time the

gold courses and swimming pools. For their part, U.S. officials of the Federal Interagency Fire Center in Boise, Idaho, said the outbreak of brush and forest fires in 14 western states was severely straining their resources. As more than 17,000 people—the largest firefighting force assembled in U.S. history—struggled to contain blazes on more than one million acres of land, spokesman William Shultz declared: "Our option is to ask for military assistance, as we're going to be stretching that. We still have some manpower available, but we're stretched." The hardest-hit state was California, where thousands of people were evacuated from their homes, including 1,400 from Los Gatos, 20 km south of San Francisco. Although officials blamed hot and under-weather winds, they warn, that could be a cover-up. Said James "Ski" Bratton, the Fire Center's Scott Bratton: "The general situation is still very critical."

British Columbia's efforts to stamp this season's fires from noseiving the province's precious forests have cost the government more than \$1 million a day, said Liles. "The money is spent to just�ically as possible. But when you have to hire 500 men overnight, it does go pretty fast." With \$13.5 million spent so far this year and 97,000 acres of forest already destroyed, the current season may need the fire season of 1982, when the province lost \$45 million worth of timber—and spent \$41 million on firefighting. In Ontario, where the ministry of natural resources annually spends \$37 million for fire suppression, a 1980 report said that because the policy of attempting to extinguish all fires was "patently very expensive," a reduced firefighting policy was necessary. As a result, the government passed legislation in 1982 under which some fires are allowed to burn as long as they are under control and less commercial timber stands are not threatened.

B.C. officials say that policy has not been restored in British Columbia because all the province's lumber is too valuable. They add that the impact of the present fires on the province's economy has of timber and tourism is an impossible to calculate as the number of fires that will start during the remainder of the season. But one thing is certain: the heat will just put the start of a problem that will rear throughout the summer. In fact, forestry spokesman Davis and tourism minister Gervais, where the forest fire season usually begins in April and lasts until October, the recent outbreaks are "early" for the first U.S. officials said that concern. Declared Shultz: "We now have the largest firefighting force ever assembled, and the fire season has just begun."

With Gregory Piatigorsky and June O'Hare in Vancouver, Lawrence Jacobson in Lethbridge, Sharon Doyle Drayton in Toronto and correspondents' reports



The Polar Star is renewing a long-standing disagreement over Canada's claim of sovereignty in the Arctic archipelago

An American challenge in the Arctic

Next month the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker Polar Star will enter the waters of Canada's Arctic archipelago on a voyage that some critics say constitutes a challenge to Canadian sovereignty over the area. Although Washington notified Ottawa in May of the attempted voyage through the Northwest Passage, the United States—which does not accept Canada's claim to jurisdiction over the waterways of the High Arctic—has persistently refused to ask Canada for permission to make the trip. Still, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Conservative government last week seemed willing to allow the voyage to proceed, leading critics to charge that it is compromising Canada's legal claim to the Passage. "The Americans," declared Liberal naval officer extra Jean Chretien last week, "are using their friendship with Mulroney to take away a piece of Canada."

The voyage of the 13,000-ton Polar Star, one of the world's most powerful icebreakers, raises again the long-standing disagreement between Canada and the United States over who owns the Arctic waterways. That debate became a major issue in 1988, when the ice-strengthened supertanker Manhattan, operated by the Humble Oil & Refining Co. of New York, sailed westward through the Northwest Passage to Alaska to test the possibility of shipping Arctic oil to ports in the eastern United States. In a face-saving gesture, Ottawa

sent an official Canadian representative aboard the ship, and in the end the Manhattan was only able to complete its voyage with the assistance of the Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker John A. Macdonald.

But the political controversy over the episode led then-prime minister Pierre Trudeau's Liberal government in the following year to pass the Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act, which had

done away with the special rules for ships sailing in the Arctic and strengthened Canada's claim to sovereignty over

the region. The law, which Washington objected to at the time, has never been accepted by the United States. As Senator Pronkowich, deputy director of Canadian affairs in the U.S. state department, noted last week, "The American legal position has always held that the Northwest Passage is an international waterway."

Washington wants that next month's voyage by the Polar Star—which will resupply a U.S. air base at Thule, Greenland, and then sail through the Northwest Passage to carry out research for the U.S. Navy in the Beaufort Sea north of Alaska—is not intended as a challenge to Canadian sovereignty. According to John Banana, acting chief of ice operations division for the U.S. Coast Guard in Washington, the Polar Star has what he called "vertical operational responsibilities in the Arctic which are on a tight schedule." Adds Banana: "By using the Passage, she will save 3000-3000 in diesel fuel and get to the Beaufort Sea 30 days faster."

Despite the United States' refusal to ask permission for the trip, Ottawa has co-operated ever since Washington informed the Canadians of the Polar Star's intended passage on May 21. Last week senior officers of the Canadian and U.S. coast guard met in Ottawa to work out the logistics of the voyage, and to ensure that the route taken by the Polar Star posed a minimal risk to the Arctic environment. But Canada expected short

Challenging a claim of sovereignty



of demanding that the United States ask permission to make the trip. Said Barry Macdonald, director general of the external affairs department's legal branch: "We are not in the business of preventing ships from using the Passage, and no single voyage will affect our legal position. We have simply agreed to disagree."

Critics say that by failing to press its case, Ottawa may be increasing the risk of environmental damage in Arctic waters—and permitting an erosion of Canadian sovereignty that could undermine Canada's position in any future dispute over the area. As Macdonald acknowledged, "It is one thing for us to assert our claim and another to force the Americans to recognize it." Noted James Pulter, the New Democratic member from Skeena, B.C., whose constituency was the subject of a border dispute with the United States that was resolved in Canada's favor in 1903: "Most of these waters are frozen nine months of the year, making them responsive to the last issue. If we allow the Americans to question our sovereignty in the Passage, it could open the door to a host of other claims."

The voyage has also alarmed northern aboriginal groups. Last week Inuit Tapiriit of Canada, the organization representing 27,000 Inuit, attacked Ottawa's "abandonment of responsibility" in failing to press its sovereignty claims. The northern Inuit, who claim Ottawa's portion as a "homeland," also pointed out the potentially damaging environmental impact of oceanic oil drilling through the Arctic seas. Declared Black R. Gaskins, president of Inuit Tapiriit, an organization representing the Inuit of Quebec's James Bay region: "Until we have had the benefit of time to negotiate environmental protection standards in the Arctic," Mr. Gaskins added, "With the Americans holding the Polar Star into our waters, our ability to manage our oceans becomes questionable."

In the meantime, Ottawa is insisting that the Polar Star's voyage will not damage Canada's territorial claim. External Affairs Minister Joe Clark told the Commons last month that, as with the Manhattan, Canadians would be on board the Polar Star "to guide them through waters which we consider to be ours." But that compromise is not likely to silence nationalist critics. Said Peter Barrett, executive director of the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, a private organization concerned with Arctic issues: "Canada must strive to put itself in a position to prepare for an international challenge for the waters. Any areas with more debris in its boundaries, and we shouldn't be seen retreating from the Arctic."

—BRUCE WALLACE in Ottawa



Gatty with wife, Margaret, after delaying his candidacy, promotes 'new ideas'

First into the fray

Before Peter Lougheed announced he plans to seek the stepped-down Alberta premier, he telephoned 12 potential candidates and urged each of them to run for the Conservative party leadership. But many insiders speculated that Getty already had a strong majority with the way that Lougheed had been working on his campaign.

In the meantime, the other three Lougheed ministers—Education Minister Dave King and Aboriginal Affairs Minister Constance Batterman—announced that they would not run. That narrowed the field to a handful of candidates who might decide to oppose Getty, including Municipal Affairs Minister John K. Kirk, Advanced Education Minister Dak Johnson and Ron Christie, a prominent Calgary lawyer and former MLA.

While some observers welcomed the prospect of a strong party consensus for a single candidate, others feared that a one-man run could set off a grueling erosion in the party's power. Some strategists argued that after more than 13 years of Conservative rule in Alberta, the electorate needed to see a vigorous leadership battle as evidence of renewal within the entrenched party, which controls 75 of the legislature's 79 seats (the New Democrats, with two seats, are the official opposition). Said Martin Abderhalden, a prominent Tory who is mayor of Fort Saskatchewan: "The worst thing that could happen is that we don't have a good debate during the leadership race."

CINDY BARRY with Andrew Winkler and Dave Wrayson in Edmonton

A riding reaps its reward

When Prime Minister Brian Mulroney arrived last week in the isolated fishing community of Matane, St. Pierre, in his home riding of Manicouagan, he was accompanied by an entourage of more than 50 reporters, cameramen, aides and tour bodyguards. At the official welcome held up at the dock, hardware store owner Michel Elias stood watching the

seasmen-security prison and harbor and airport improvement projects have been directed to the riding.

The cash flow is continuing. The Prime Minister's latest gift to Manicouagan, announced during his visit, was a long-awaited road linking Haute St. Pierre and the picturesque fishing hamlet of Natashquan, home of the celebrated Quebec folk singer Gilles Vigneault.



Mulroney with local children: re-packing problems in a spreading constituency

shilly drain along with about 500 other townspeople. But Elias was soon back at work as rain-drenched members of the national news media descended on his shop to severely deplete the available stock of rain slickers, wool socks and rubber boots. That infusion of cash into the local economy was a telling illustration of what happens when the local member of Parliament also happens to be the Prime Minister.

Mulroney's latest visit in his sprawling riding on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence River was his fourth since the Sept. 4 federal election. The trip, which included a tour of some community accessible only by plane or boat, was his latest attempt to honor election pledges to visit the riding often and reward voters for casting Liberal member André Malo, who was Manicouagan by a 16,858-vote margin in 1988 and lost it to Mulroney by 30,897 votes last year. Since then, Mulroney, who grew up in the riding in the city of Baie-Comeau, has made certain that almost \$100 million in federal projects—including a

seawall, 96 km to the east—Mulroney also announced a federal subsidy to help build 38 km of new road in the area around Baie-Comeau, just across the Strait of Belle Isle from St. Pierre. All together, the two projects will cost Ottawa about \$35 million and create 600 short-term local construction jobs. As Elias observed, "If things don't start to move when the Prime Minister is gone, we never will."

Indeed, Mulroney pays constant and careful attention to his riding. When he is in Ottawa, he takes every Monday afternoon in attend to Manicouagan's affairs with Keith Morgan, a native of Montreal who is his senior adviser for the riding. And each week he records a three-minute radio message for the constituency, signs letters and makes telephone calls to constituents and meets lobbyists from the area. Explained Morgan: "He is extraordinarily keen to know what is going on in the riding."

The strength of Mulroney's feelings for the region that he calls "my beloved

North Shore" are evident when he is there. During his most recent trip, he emerged periodically from the meeting of his inner cabinet in Baie-Comeau to exchange greetings with a small crowd standing around across the street, and at one point he surprised reporters by running down the street to chat with a couple—and kiss the bride—being driven to their wedding reception. According to Mayor Roger Thériault of Baie-Comeau, Mulroney's intense interest in the riding has generated lots of renewed economic prosperity. "When he visits the riding so often," said Thériault, "it's proof to us that the country is not just made up of big cities but also of communities on the periphery."

Still, there are perplexing problems creating solutions in a riding that stretches into the Far North and is larger than Poland and Portugal combined. Native leaders told Mulroney when he arrived in the Inuit village of Kuujjuaq near Ungava Bay that they expect him to bring services to the region up to southern standards. Moreover, there are signs of competitive development between Manicouagan communities for federal spending programs. To that end, an article in the *North Star* newspaper advised readers to ignore their living-in effects or risk being left out.

Mulroney's aides insist that the Prime Minister is not raising a risk of raising unrealistic expectations in Manicouagan or of appearing to favor that riding over others. "The people in that riding," said Morgan, "have been neglected for a long time and he's just giving them what he thinks they deserve." Mulroney is possibly driven as well by memories of his 1982 decision as president of the Ivey Co. of Canada to shut down most of the firm's mining operations in Bérefèreville, an action that turned one of Manicouagan's largest communities into a virtual ghost town. Mulroney avoided Bérefèreville during the election campaign and he has not been there since taking office. In the meantime, he asserts that his efforts in Manicouagan are part of a larger plan to give Canada's outlying communities "a fair shake." At the same time, he acknowledges that he intends to take particular care of his own home riding. Noted Mulroney on his last trip: "We have a country here, and a country deserves special attention."

—MICHAEL ROSE in Baie-Comeau

Rays of hope for an unpopular airport

By Bruce Wallace

Seated in the kitchen of the farmhouse where he was born, Rue Lalonde, 61, softly contemplative, the back of his 50-kg-125-m property near Ste-Scholastique, Que., 49 km north of Montreal. The plot acre was part of a 220-acre dairy farm that was his and his father's and grandfather's before him. But in 1989 Ottawa expropriated almost all of that land to make way for the construction of Mirabel International airport, which now has a discretely named—excluded by air travellers and regarded by many as a major planning disaster. Now Lalonde says more than 1,000 other former property owners in the area have expressed that they want to buy back their land following Ottawa's decision to sell off as many as 7,000 acres of the expropriated land, in tacit recognition of the fact that costly mistakes were made at Mirabel.

Ortweil's action, which was given legal force by a cabinet order-in-council last month, took place after Mirabel-area farmers and Canada Lands Co. (Mirabel) Ltd. had spent an agreement last spring ending a 15-year battle by which they refused to accept Ottawa's expropriation measures and fought to get their land back. But for Lalonde, who may not be able to afford to repurchase all of his land, the victory has a hollow ring. In 1989 Ottawa paid him \$145 an acre for his land. But now Lalonde says Canada Lands Co. (Mirabel) Ltd. is asking \$600 an acre, which he will be able to pay only if he can win federal compensation on the grounds that his land is no longer in cultivable condition.

"The government made a great error that hasn't cut out any part of my life," says Lalonde. "How do you calculate that?"

In the view of critics, the building of Mirabel itself was just as serious an ar-

ror. Originally planned to sprawl over nearly 80,000 acres of land—including buffer zones to shield local residents from noise and air pollution—and handle 10 million passengers a year by 1995, the 2500-metres airport has so far failed to live up to its advance billing. The main reason is simply that the airport, situated 55 km by expressway and routes

smaller airports in such cities as Halifax (which had 3.4 million passengers in 1992) and Edmonton (which had 1.6 million), and below the 5.8 million passengers who used Montreal's Dorval airport, still the city's gateway for most domestic and transborder flights to the United States. Because so many flights avoid it, Mirabel recorded a \$4.5-

Arrivées Arrivals



Mirabel's uncompleted terminal, Lalonde. For many, getting there is a big part in the trip.

That around the farmers, who refused to accept Ottawa's expropriation measures and fought to get their land back. But for Lalonde, who

from downtown Montreal, is too remote. Because of that, only 3.3 million passengers pass through Mirabel's hand-some glass-and-tile terminal building in 1993—fewer than were handled by

million operating loss last year.

Still, some supporters of the airport insist that Mirabel may yet succeed. People Express Airlines, which provides no-frills passenger service at baggage-baggage rates, has applied to the Canadian Transport Commission for permission to begin carrying passengers between Mirabel and its home base in Newark, N.J., just across the New York City border. People Express has already set up an office at Mirabel and plans to start making flights daily between Mirabel and Newark at introductory rates of \$29 (US) one way by the end of the month.

Still, some critics say that the airport will never live up to its planners' dreams. Bryan Trott, the director of airports for the Montreal-based International Air Transport Association, and firmly that his organization "cannot see any profitable future for Mirabel." In March, Air Canada president Pierre Jeanjean went even further, suggesting that the airport would be closed down and its traffic rerouted to Dorval. While federal Transport Minister Don Masse-



kowski publicly dissociated himself from Jeannot's statement. Mirabel's press secretary, Tom Van Dusen, acknowledged that Jeannot was "not the only person who's ever suggested Mirabel be closed. It has to be thought of as an option somewhere down the road if Mirabel doesn't work."

The reluctance of travellers to make the long trip to and from the airport was apparent from the start. Indeed, in 1961 the airport administration adopted a white elephant as Mirabel's official symbol.

But the main problem in Mirabel's distance from Montreal, an obstacle that has been heightened by the Quebec government's refusal—because the province says traffic flow does not justify it—to fund completion of Highway 13, which was intended to link Mirabel with the airport. Currently, the highway simply ends in a meadow, 11 km short of the airport. As a result, to reach Mirabel, buses, cars and taxis have to leave the unfinished highway 40 km north of Montreal and drive over a secondary road to connect with the six-lane Laurentian Autoroute, which passes within three kilometres of the airport (the final leg is over a narrow two-lane secondary road). That roundabout trip takes about 45 minutes and costs about \$45 by taxi from Montreal. The journey tends to leave travellers exhausted. As a result, says Montreal taxi agent Robert McFadden, business travellers frequently fly to Canadian destinations via Toronto, Boston or New York. "Because they find getting to Mirabel a bit painful on the road."

That is far removed from the vision held by Mirabel's planners when they went to work in 1961. Then, with passenger and cargo traffic at Dorval and most other Canadian airports climbing steadily through the economically buoyant 1960s and projected to keep on growing into the next century, Transport Canada began looking for a site that could handle almost unlimited expansion. Their solution to accommodate the anticipated 98,000 acres of dairy and vegetable farmland—an area nearly three times the size of Ottawa—around 81st-Beloeul Drive.

The battle that followed was a harsh one. After the large expropriations in the late 1960s and early 1970s, farmers who wanted to stay on their land systematically fought the same through the courts—but without success. In the end, about 2,000 families had to leave their land. (In the same period, Ottawa made similar plans for an international airport at Padmore, 60 km from Toronto; then shelved the project in the mid-1970s after furious opposition and lawsuits by local residents.)

Eventually, Mirabel foundered on the reality of a changing global economy. Officially opened in October, 1975, Mirabel

failed to attract the expected passenger traffic as soaring oil prices in the 1970s pushed up airfares and brought about a steep decline in the industry's growth rate. And whilst it was originally thought that Mirabel would benefit from the growing market for air cargo, most airlines chose to equip their fleets with jets that could transport a mix of passengers and cargo, rather than the all-cargo jets that were envisaged in the late 1960s. Even though Mirabel's share of air cargo is growing, 20 per cent of the air cargo moving through the Montreal region is still handled by Dorval.

For the longer term, the prospects of making Mirabel profitable are uncer-

tain to the federal government this fall, has been looking at ways of reversing Mirabel's reputation for being isolated—possibly by some day fulfilling Montreal Major Jean Despres's dream of a high-speed rail link to whisk passengers from Mirabel to New York.

Others believe that Mirabel should focus exclusively on air cargo traffic. Reid Serge Pratte, a consulting engineer with Beauchemin Beaton Lapointe Inc., which supervised the construction of Mirabel, "The passenger traffic of Dorval and Mirabel combined doesn't even match the totals of the mid-1960s at Dorval alone. Cargo doesn't care whether it travels by day or by night, let it use



People Express Boeing 727 landing on ways of attracting cargo traffic

air at best. Backed by the westward shift of business from Montreal during the politically turbulent 1970s, population growth in the Montreal area has slowed dramatically and is not expected to reach the levels projected when Mirabel was being planned. Indeed, some observers say that Mirabel has already been condemned to failure by the fact that foreign airlines increasingly are more interested in gaining access to Toronto's Lester B. Pearson International Airport, which—in sharp contrast to Mirabel's red-ink—turned a profit of \$80 million in 1984.

But Ottawa's dilemma is it considers Mirabel's future is that if the airport were to be closed down, Dorval would probably not be able to handle the increased traffic that would result with its existing facilities. For the past seven months an advisory board set up by Transport Canada and made up of Montreal-area business groups has been examining ways of luring more traffic to the airport. The board, which will report

to Mirabel's advisory board, has also considered proposals to make Mirabel an export-free zone, where cargo could remain in storage for extended periods without being subject to import duties. Proponents of the idea contend that such a zone would attract manufacturing companies and importers who want to store goods while they look for buyers.

Another possibility under consideration would be to move more passengers flying to overseas destinations through Mirabel and to make Mirabel, rather than Dorval, the departure point for flights to the United States. Although such a decision might be a popular with many travellers, People's plan to fly from Mirabel could prove to be a major defeat. "We are hoping," said Marcel Lefebvre, head of market development for Transport Canada's Montreal Airports and Sales group, "that normal principles of marketing will apply and that other carriers, seeing People Express flying out of Mirabel, will decide to follow their lead."



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Two days that changed the world

By Rose Laike

It is one of the supreme ironies of the nuclear age that the scientists who developed the bomb, the atomic bomb was, almost to a man, starry-eyed idealists, who believed that by unleashing the atom's destructive energy they were saving the world for their children. Forty years later mankind has learned to equate warfare with the almost certain extinction of the human race. But in the summer of 1945 the profound immorality of the bomb was not nearly as clear. The world had been at war for almost six years and it seemed likely that by exploding an atomic weapon over Japan the United States would迫使 the Japanese into surrender. As a result, on August 6, 1945, the American B-29 Superfortress, the "Bockscar," flying at the officer's altitude, released a single bomb and the world changed sharply away. Fifty-one seconds later there was a blinding white light 1,800 feet above ground, and Hiroshima became a writhing city of death. The bomb destroyed, many thousands

6,000 by most Western estimates, 26,000 according to the official Japanese account. But it did much more than that. The sudden obliteration of Hiro-

Modern U.S. Pershing missile, capable of carrying a nuclear warhead which exploded over Hiroshima, birth of 8:15 a.m., Aug. 6, 1945 (symbol of death).

...and the similar destruction of
such three days later—changed
the world in ways that none of the scientists
liberated so financially on the bomb
could have imagined. For most
of mankind's history it had been
a cause of war as a kind of leverage,
a manufactured potentially glo-
rious instrument for settling grievances
and disputes. But with the advent
of nuclear weapons that sort of thinking
was dangerously obsolete. In an age
of such all-out war means global annihilation,
the bomb has become the
epitome of power politics, its
destructive potentialities closed the universal
goal of death and annihilation.

Twenty years ago some of these Englishmen was obvious to the scientists who gathered to make the bomb in a secret government laboratory at Alamos, N.M. Rosa the inventor of what was known as the Manzana Project, the charismatic and tactful J. Robert Oppenheimer, had the vaguest idea of the revolutionary nature of the weapon he was developing. "It's a fudge," he announced to his colleagues. "Although the atomic bomb would make a 'very big bang,' it did not add nothing to warfare except dead deformed human. Later, as a result of possessive, he has his col-

sent Los Alamos that, if it worked, the test bomb that was about to be tested at a remote site in the New Mexico desert—code-named Trinity—would have an explosive yield equivalent to a mere 200 tons of TNT. He was tested and everyone thought the accuracy of the test explosion turned out to be 90,000 tons.

governance and uncertainty also pervaded the researchers' understanding of the bomb's terrible aftermath. Radiation is estimating its potential impact on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the bomb's designers assumed that, to run the radiation gauge, people would have to go close to the explosion that they had killed anyway by the force of it. Rather than face the Japanese, they remotely inspected that fate of those who survived the

and the world would be later from this poisoning and that hundreds of thousands more would suffer in the coming years from cancer, leukemia, atrophy and other lingering maladies. Indeed, when the *Star* reached the United States about the alleged lethal effects of radiation at the director of the Manhattan Project, Brig. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, denied there was "bias or propaganda" intended to win Japan's unconditional surrender. But soon thereafter, he had been seen to be writhing in pain, and, as we now know, he had been suffering from the poison. Testifying before a Senate committee on atomic energy in November, 1945, Groves stated how he had received a lethal dose of radiation and that he had died "without any pain or suffering, for I say it is a very pleasant way to die." No one on the committee had the courage to challenge his opinion.

Oppen and his August test has raised

of a nuclear chain reaction, argued the United States would lose nearly 100,000 men in the world if it actually used new means of indiscriminate destruction. Besides, said other concerned scientists engaged in the bomb project, it proposed that instead of dropping a

announced its new weapon as a signal before representatives of the United Nations. They contended it an apt shock to the world's armament. Still others— including Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces—argued that the tests were already on the brink of war, largely because of the enormous naval hoardings of the Soviet Fleet. To use the atomic weapon, a nation already doomed, Eisenhower told Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, seemed like a waste of cruelty.

at after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the weapon that the scientists had hoped would prevent future wars swiftly became the new, more deadly, East-West struggle. The United States had wrungly that its monopoly on power would continue for many

study well on their developing the information by agents with Washington. Frequently repeated any statement of internal control. The gravity between the two men was immense. "I am an independent man, who would do what I say," Pashinian, physician, brother, later recalled. In 1949, the Soviets detonated a bomb of their own, and the arms can

ce, code-named "Mike," over the tiny South Pacific island with a blast more than 500 yield of Trinity. A year later exploded their first hydrogen bomb.

3. The technology of mass
has given rise to more
Fever decades after the first
the United States and the
one together possess an esti-
mated nuclear warheads with a
explosive yield of 20 Million
tons and a quarter million
times more powerful than the bomb that
destroyed Hiroshima. A single U.S. Tri-
nuclear submarine (the United
Sail) is armed with six times
as many warheads as was expended
in World War II—enough
to vaporize every major city in the North-
ern Hemisphere. Every state, including
over Carl Sagan, has calcu-
lated a limited nuclear war
would result in global disaster
by altering the planet's climate
into the upper atmosphere
and blocking the sun's rays. dam-
aging radioactive waste
and the continents call a "nuclear
winter." At the same time, there are
that the governing nuclear
differences—the doctress
a counterculture could just as
easily be created as a
nuclear war.

one aspect of fear for being himself—had gradually been lost, the Pentagon and the theory that it might be right and true a nuclear war as such new weapons systemised, as each new round of talk, the world edges closer of nuclear holocaust. One way, Little has changed since the summer of 1945. Many of the veterans of the Manhattan Project, now older instances of physics in their 70s and 80s, dominate the U.S. nuclear debate. One group, led by Teller, now 77, champions the development of a "Star Wars" generation of space-based defensive weapons to protect against Soviet attack. Others,

including Hans Bethe, added the theoretical division, are haunted by the man-
tras and Nagasawa and
their final years to trying
to avert an apocalyptic arms race. For
an act of piety, an Oppen-
heimer once put it: "In some
which as valiantly, as hu-
manitarians can quite auto-
matically have known us
in a knowledge which they



The dawn of the nuclear age

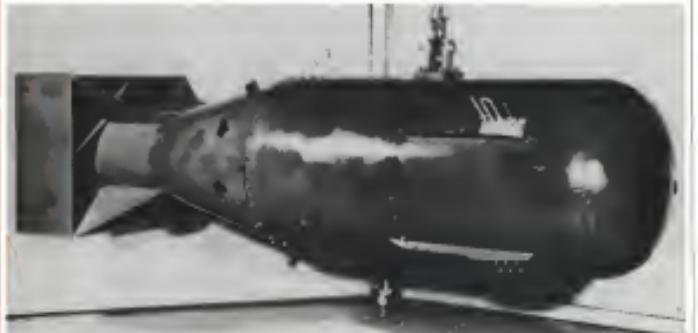
By Bob Levin

On Oct. 11, 1939, as German invaders subdued the last remnants of the Polish Army, a New York banker named Alexander Sacha went to the White House to visit his personal friend President Franklin Roosevelt. Sacha carried a letter signed by the eminent physicist Albert Einstein and

Manhattan Project, among the most massive, literally earth-shaking scientific undertakings ever. By the time of its dramatic climax in a makeshift head in the New Mexican desert in July, 1945, the project would cost about \$2 billion, against new factories and even new towns and employ roughly 200,000 Americans, British and Canadians—including a companion core of European refugees—all working under the strictest

"Once the chain was discovered," recalls Hans Bethe, a German emigre to the United States who became a prominent member of the bomb project, "every scientist foresaw what was possible for the Europeans, the Soviets, France."

Roosevelt's call for action resulted in the formation of a Uranium Committee, which was immediately plagued by extreme secrecy and a tight budget. At



Albionine-type 'Little Boy' founds the Trinity 'Fat man' and pugnacious at right: 'By Avril, the damn thing worked'

partly written by another physicist, Leo Szilard, who had enlisted Segré as a messenger. The letter explained that scientists might soon be able to transform the element uranium into a new source of energy which could be used to

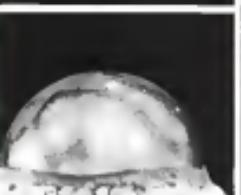
make "extremely powerful bonds" and that the Germans were already hard at work on the same research. He had the letter to his wife, and he had a fainting spell. He was taken to the two hot beds.

President Franklin Roosevelt understood the magnitude of the "secret weapon." "Alas," he said to Sachs, "what you are after is to see that the Nazis don't know as yet?" Sachs replied, and Roosevelt summoned his aide, Gen. Edwin (Pete) Wilson. "Pete, the President decided, pointing to the letter, 'thin measures action.'"

With that, the bomb-building effort began, one that would evolve into the

At the same time, British scientists were making significant atomic progress, but, with their country consumed by the continuing war in Europe, they appealed to their US counterparts to make an *all-out effort*.

Finally, in June, 1942, after a six-month trial program and the US entry into the war following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt ordered a massive effort to build the bomb. The project was assigned to the US Army, which code-named the cross-country network of laboratories the Manhattan Engineering District because their new commander, Gen George Marshall, was headquartered in New York. Soon, however, the Manhattan Project was turned over to career officer Brig-Gen Leslie Groves. Befitting a dogged general, "Groovy" Groves quickly got



to survey his new domain, visiting several labs before arriving at the University of California at Berkeley. There, he met a great and dynamic 38-year-old physicist named J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was to become the central figure of the Manhattan Project.

New weapons. The son of a German immigrant who had made a fortune in New York importing textiles, Oppenheimer had gone to Harvard in 1925, where he studied in the pastry and Hindu philosophy but graduated summa cum laude in chemistry in 1929. Then he spent four years studying physics in Europe. Returning to the United States, he taught both Chemistry and the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. By 1939, Oppenheimer had moved up to California, Oppenheimer was working as a theorist in the bomb mechanism under the title of "assistant director" in the Berkeley-based Lawrence Radiation Laboratory.

...and he had become convinced of the need for a superlab where scientists could pool their knowledge to produce the new weapon.

five, Edward Teller from Hungary, Enrico Fermi from Italy, will be assembled what Groves called "the best collection of eggheads ever."

A Alsos was not the only new National Project community. Immediately after assuming his job, Gross approved construction on a site at his home, Claude River called Oak Lane, to house four new factories by the end of 1943. Of the plutonium extracted from 235 of these uranium ore. The plant was a pilot plant for making a plutonium element, plutonium. The project was based on a reactor through at Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory, where, in December, Fermi had finally achieved the first nuclear chain reaction, a longer plutonium factory—and of new towns—was up at Hanford.

These plants got 1,200 tons of high-grade uranium ore which was surreptitiously shipped to the United States from the Belgian Congo in 1943. As well,

hundreds more tons arrived from the Ellesdale site on the eastern shore of Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories. That mine, opened in the early 1900s by Ottawa Valley brothers George and Charles Labatt, had been closed in 1943. But Malakoff-King's wartime government ordered it reopened in 1942. The United States greedily demanded for the mine's entire output through 1945—much to the irritation of the British. Prime Minister Winston Churchill argued that the deal with the U.S. "sold the British Empire the river."

Indeed, British and Canadian scientists needed the uranium for their fission experiments. In late 1942, British moved their research and in New Montreal laboratory of the National Research Council, in large part became closely with American nuclear scientists based in Chicago. The

and three times before, the second to a Communist. These accusations would be used against Oppenheimer after the war, when the Atomic Energy Commission would strip him of his security clearance, but Graves stuck by his man.

Hammond, a Canadian, organized the first uranium mining company in the United States. He had his money home in northern New Mexico, even knew just the place a uranium expert at the Los Alamos School for boys, set on a mesa 800 feet up, the Jemez Mountains. Areas around it and began pouring together interested laboratories and scientists, creating a researchbody of unpaid experts, soil-producing artificial furnaces and chronic water shortages. Meanwhile, Oppenheimer toured country recruiting his tons of scientists, including such prominent emigres as

at bomb-research sites in the United States.

Even with their new arrivals, the new Missouri Project teams required officially sanctioned At-bomb wire-enclosed Site Y—code name for Los Alamos—all incoming mail went to Box 1662, Santa Fe, down in the valley, all outgoing mail was censored. Robert Porter, now 69, who was a technical sergeant in the army's Special Engineering Detachment in Los Alamos, remembers that in letters to his mother in Florida he wrote only that "You say here in the West, the scenery is beautiful, and the weather is very nice." Still, as a steady stream of strangers disappeared into the mountains, Santa Fe residents knew something was going on. "But in those days people just didn't ask questions," recalls Betty Broussard, who was 35 years old when her family moved to Los Alamos in 1948.

Security: As it happened—through the worst reports would not appear until after the war—the project's most security problem was not outside whispers but inside spies. One was Alan Nunn May, a British physicist who handled the Soviets a large sample of plutonium from the Montreal lab and would later be identified by a Soviet Embassy spy-captain in Ottawa, then tried and convicted in London in 1946. Even more damaging was the work of Klaus Fuchs, a German immigrant to Britain who went to Los Alamos under the Quebec Agreement and immediately began providing the Soviets with detailed data.

It would not be until 1948, when the Soviets exploded their own A-bomb, before it seemed conceivable that British intelligence agents would class it as a Fuchs. Yet another spy at Los Alamos was David Greenglass, a soldier who worked in the machine shop and, in 1952, would be convicted of passing secrets to his brother-in-law and sister, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, in a still-controversial case. Greenglass was sentenced to 15 years in jail while the Rosenbergs died in the electric chair.

Oppenheimer. During the war, however, the spies were undetected as the bomb work proceeded. Eventually, Oppenheimer and his team concentrated on two possible types of weapons: a gun-type device in which one piece of plutonium would be fired into another to create a "critical mass"—separated, rapid fission—and an implosion bomb consisting of a sub-critical hollow sphere of plutonium surrounded by explosives which, fired simultaneously, would compress the plutonium into an explosive critical state. Not only did the work present staggering scientific and technical problems, but in the process Oppenheimer had to placate a confused company of agus and mediate disputes with the army

COVER

He did it all with a skill that amazed those who had known him earlier. Norris Bradbury, now 76, who took courses from Oppenheimer at Berkeley before joining the Los Alamos staff—and who would later succeed him as director of the lab—recalls that "Oppie" was "a very poor lecturer, very distant, almost barking in his speech. But he was sure in charge of the situation here."

By late 1944 the original impetus for the project—the threat of the German bomb—had all but disappeared. The Al-bomb invasion of Europe, begun at Normandy, was a catastrophe that had military significance but was also surrounded by the kind of dastily padded civilian buildings more susceptible to its fiery blast—in other words, a city. Another committee was already considering likely candidates, including Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Interim Committee recommended Hiroshima to project sites around the country—and ignited a legitimate protest. The strongest reaction came from Chicago's Metallurgical Laboratory, where scientists removed from the fire-bomb frenzy of Los Alamos and Oak Ridge, had time to consider the consequences of the bomb and had already called for international controls. The university apparently was a little late, chastised by Vice-Pres. Truman in January 1946. Jane D. Franklin, report writer for the U.S. News and World Report, noted that if the United States were the first to use a nuclear weapon in warfare, "who would sacrifice public support throughout the world, precipitate the race of armaments and preclude the possibility of reaching an international agreement on the future control of such weapons?" The report also recommended giving a warning demonstration of the bomb in some isolated spot, as part to to size up the Japanese into surrender. But Oppenheimer advised the Interim Committee that he did not think that "exploding one of these things as a demonstrator over a desert was likely to be very impressive," and the committee rejected the Franklin report.

But even then, Oppenheimer and his crew were proceeding to explode an A-bomb in the desert, not as a public warning but as a private test of the plutonium implosion device—known as "Fat Man." The site selected for the first-ever atom blast lay about 305 km south of Los Alamos, in a blistering hot New Mexican desert that formed part of the U.S. Air Force's Alamogordo Bombing Range. Oppenheimer, taking the name from a John Donne sonnet, nicknamed the site Trinity, and on July 16 a team of physicists gathered in a ranch house to assemble the core. Present among them was 31-year-old Louis Slotin of Winona, who would die in a radiation accident the following year, but at the time he and the others handled their delicate task fearlessly. "There was a lot of tension," re-

calls Rauner Schreiber, a physicist who later became deputy director of the lab. "Nobody wanted to drop the thing." The device was transported in a case of dark wood, described later by those tall of fire as "a dazzling man-made cloud of fire, a dazzling man-made explosion." At 5:15 a.m. on July 16, heavy rains started and the countdown began.

Death County miners intercede the task. "It was just unbelievable," remembers physicist John Manley, now 76, who was in charge of measuring the predeton blast from a bunker 20,000 m from Ground Zero. "The familiar features, like mountain peaks and plains, just stood eerily out of pitch dark. Other observers looking through glasses of dark red described what became, in their talk of fire, a dazzling man-made cloud of fire, a dazzling man-made explosion." Later, Oppenheimer, who reportedly bet \$10 that Fat Man would not work, recalled thinking of words from the Biblical book the *Book of Job*: "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." But other scientists said they had no such deep thoughts. "No Armageddon," says

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Oppenheimer, Groves, company of spy

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Frank against the use of the bomb. After the war such previous weapon commentaries, the critics noting among others that the Japanese were "overreacted" and our forces were "overwhelmed" and that U.S. intelligence had intercepted coded messages in which Japanese leaders were acknowledging defeat.

Oppenheimer At Potsdam. Truman did make one concession, to the notion of postwar cooperation with the Soviets, he said. Stalin that the United States had an unusually destructive weapon. Stalin, who unknown to the Americans had learned all about the A-bomb from Fuchs, did not look surprised. "I am glad to hear," the scientist said, "and I hope you make good use of it against the Japanese." The date was July 26. The cruiser Indianapolis, carrying a load container of marshaled invasion, was already nearing the Pacific island of Tinian, the planned launching pad for the atomic attacks. Two days later the Americans, British and Chinese issued an ultimatum demanding that the Japanese surrender unconditionally but making no mention of the nuclear weapon, and two days after that the Japanese refused. There would be no second chance. At 8:15 a.m. on Aug. 6, 1945, the U.S. Air Force Superfortress Enola Gay dropped a uranium-charged "Little Boy" A-bomb on Hiroshima, and three days later another B-29 released a plutonium "Fat Man" bomb over Nagasaki. For the first and only time, human beings experienced the unspeakable worth of the new era.

With Ann Prudhomme



Oppenheimer, Groves, company of spy



The crew of the B-29 bomber Enola Gay. Top: Groves' death, the shatterer of worlds.



MAZELSON, BATTY/SHUTTERSTOCK



Hiroshima now (Atomic Bomb dome circled) and immediately after the blast (below). Stark had no one to come to help

Survivors of a living nightmare

The morning of Aug. 9, 1945, was hot and humid in the western Japanese port of Nagasaki, the sultry weather adding to the wartime discomforts at the city's small Urakami First Hospital. As well as enduring chronic shortages of food, medicine and equipment, the staff and 30 patients lived in fear of periodic air raids and pantomime, disturbing rumors of enemy raids. Then, there were mounting reports of an enormously powerful new bomb that had devastated the city of Hiroshima, 300 km to the northeast, on Aug. 6. The daily routine had already been interrupted briefly by an air raid of huge American B-29 Superfortress bombers. Still, none continued to fertilize the gardens where they raised a meager supply of fresh vegetables. And now, amidst whispers that Hiroshima Akisaki had just begun to contain a patient when he heard the threatening

drone of an airplane. Then, at precisely 11:09 a.m., a brilliant flash illuminated the exploding roses with searing intensity, and at that moment Akisaki's life—and the city of Nagasaki—changed forever.

Hiroshima is the instant after the flash. Akisaki heard a thunderous roar, then the force of a blast knocked down both doctor and patient and sent furniture and ceiling plaster crashing onto them. Akisaki's first thought was that the Americans had mistaken his hospital for a military target and had scared a dozen or so with an auxiliary bomb. Not far from the three-story hospital in the city's northern suburbs stood the Mitsubishi Ordnance Factory, which had made the torpedoes used in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. The morning light had turned to仲暮云 (mid-morning cloud). And between the shroud sky and the crimson earth was a hot, yellow haze baking the entire valley. In an instant, 30,000 residents of Nagasaki

Count Windows, doors and plaster had been ripped apart by the explosion, but the building's concrete shell was intact. Akisaki was assessing and relieved to see that most patients had survived with only superficial injuries. It was only then that he looked out a window and realized that Nagasaki, like Hiroshima three days earlier, had been hit by the new and terrible weapon.

Akisaki was visited by a three-color vision of hell. Where hundreds of wooden houses had stood only a moment before, there was a sea of smoldering flames engulfed every building in the Urakami valley where the hospital and surrounding suburb nestled. Telephone poles and trees were wrapped in fire. Above, the sky was blackened by the massive overhanging of a rising mushroom cloud. And between the shroud sky and the crimson earth was a hot, yellow haze baking the entire valley. In an instant, 30,000 residents of Nagasaki

had died. Another 44,000 would die from their injuries, burns, incisions, broken bones and radiation sickness. Another 75,000 suffered lesser, nonlethal injuries.

Hiroshima 10 years later the diminutive and intense Akisaki works at the same clinic, rebuilt and renamed St. Francis Hospital. He belongs to a small Japanese minority known as the A-bomb survivors of the atomic bomb. Over the decades their devastated hands, fingers, the only targets of atomic weapons in warfare, have been completely rebuilt. Except for a few small but arresting mementos, the city's survivors have left no trace of the bomb's effects. But for the estimated 200,000 surviving inhabitants of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the memory of the terrible bluish-white flash of the nuclear blast is a living nightmare. The destruction was so complete, Akisaki told MacLeans, that "we left a cockpit空 of having survived and yet having lost everything. There was no one to come to help."

Ghosts As he stood mummified by the cockpit view outside his window, Akisaki said that he thought of the shachihoko experts which he had been hearing of the devastation of Hiroshima by seven mysterious, incredibly powerful forces. Indeed, even the survivors who studied the blast after the war would be stunned by the Hiroshima bomb's unimaginable power. The 10-kiloton weapon, which its U.S. designers called "Little Boy," unleashed a blast equivalent to 15,000 tons of TNT. Anyone at the hypocenter, the spot immediately below the bomb when it detonated at an altitude of 1,900 feet, was instantly vaporized by the 5,000°C heat. At 800 m from hypocenter, a 10-cm roof tiles melted. Even at one kilometer a packed streetcar caught fire, leaving the burned corpses of the passengers standing suddenly in place. At two kilometers wooden fences spontaneously burst into flames. Together, the flash, the pressure wave, the rising firestorm and, most insidious of all, the radiation, claimed 120,000 lives in Hiroshima.

In Nagasaki the even more powerful

22-kiloton plutonium bomb, nicknamed

"Fat Man" for its bulbous shape, left six kilometers short of its intended target, the sprawling Mitsubishi Shipyards. As a result, its explosion over the Urakami suburb resulted in a lesser death count than at Hiroshima. But the bomb's effects were no less hideous. At 200 m from the hypocenter, 1,310 children and teachers died in the Shikokusan Primary School. At Mitsubishi's shipyards, 950 m from the centre, 1,419 employees perished as metal walls flew in with an unstoppable fury.



Preparing victims, a task of despair

And at the Urakami hospital, 1.5 km from the hypocenter, Akisaki had only begun to assess his patients' injuries when a ghastly procession of blast victims began to emerge from the fire-filled valley below. They came, their clothing in tatters, holding their arms away from their bodies in the pose characteristic of victims of massive burns. Akisaki and the surviving staff members were overwhelmed by the sheer number of casualties and the horrifying nature of their injuries. Afterward he

recalled, "My strongest impulse was to run away. I felt personally responsible." Still, he began treatment with the few supplies he could find.

Amidst The next day the Japanese Imperial government in Tokyo agreed to surrender, but that brought little relief to the blighted Hiroshima. Hundreds were dying daily and the few medical personnel who had survived fled to take care of them. After the armistice, Canadian medical priests who had operated Urakami hospital before the war, fled from concentration camps, and refugees from the last months of the war were too preoccupied with their own relief efforts to offer immediate help to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

For the most part, the blighted areas were left to suffer in solitude. In Nagasaki many were from the city's Roman Catholic population, the largest in Japan. Having endured three centuries of persecution by Japanese nationalists, they were accustomed to trouble, and they stayed in their ruined houses, comforted by their faith. Indeed, most said that they preferred to remain inside the bomb zone, making support from members of their own community.

But for many of the survivors there was worse to come. In the weeks following the blast, doctors in the two cities reported that apparently healthy residents who had escaped serious injury were falling ill and dying. At what became known as radiation sickness took its恶症 toll, the victims' skin crusting and purple hemorrhages, their glasses and their hair fell out as if handicapped. Fear of the invisible radiation did not fade until long after September's rains drenched much of the radioactive dust and soil from the blast zone.

Gold Efforts to rebuild the shattered cities were hampered by the chaos following Japan's surrender. When the military government in Tokyo collapsed, wartime price controls ended and the cost of staple goods soared. In the devastated cities, houses, factories and offices had been obliterated by blast



and fire. In Hiroshima, deaths and injuries virtually incapacitated the civil service. All that remained of the city hall was a concrete shell; there were no police stations, and the firehouses had burned to the ground with the firetrucks still inside. The hibakusha spent an agonizing cold winter clinging to life in makeshift shelters and shantytowns.

Cancer. Many of the hibakusha never fully recovered from their physical injuries. Victims of massive burns found their bodies covered with ugly keloids, tough, rubbery sore tissue that failed to respond to plastic surgery. Starting in the early 1960s hundreds of thousands of young victims died of leukemia. Since then new outbreaks of the blood cancer have subsided, but they have been replaced by the so-called late effects of the bomb: thyroid, breast and lung cancer. Particularly worrying was damage caused to infants and fetuses, some of whom suffered from mental retardation.

But in the four decades since the war, Hiroshima has emerged as one of Japan's most prosperous economic centers. The Made-in-Japan automobile exports are around the world. Two blocks from the hypocenter, high school students, like their counterparts in cities around the developed world, crowd against counters of a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet. Inside the main doors of the rebuilt Police Department Station, where 60 years ago the sound of the 500-millisecond cacophony words a Vuitton luggage boutique beckons—waiters at the nearby Gaijin. When smartly dressed business men wear their caps decorated with gold-plated Japanese characters, long-thought-out "silences" (decorated office walls), spend their afternoons at their desks in the anonymous medium-rise office blocks that dot the city. In the evenings they join the Municipal Baseball Park to cheer the local team, the Hiroshima Carp. The iridescent stadium's brilliant lamps cast a grey glow over the nearby Atomic Bomb dome. Part of what was the city's Industrial Promotional Hall, the rounded dome is the only remaining example of the bomb's devastation, preserved as a reminder.

Today. By contrast, Nagasaki is struggling to keep up with Japan's surging prosperity. The city's largest employer is still the Mitsubishi Electric Industry shipyards, the world's largest. But in the past few years it has lost off thousands of workers as business drifted to more competitive shipyards in neighboring South Korea. Civic officials say they now hope that tourism and high technology will turn the sleepy city's fortunes around.

Meanwhile, the two cities have become symbols of peace. Both cities have witnessed numerous symbolic demonstrations in recent years, and each

will host atomic commemorative events in August to mark the 50th anniversary of their destruction. Still, despite this year's events, many hibakusha and city officials say they believe that their countrymen have forgotten their special plight. Distant Nagasaki Mayor Hisashi Matsukura: "There is a tendency now to forget the war. The Japanese want to forget about Pearl Harbor, to forget that the United States dropped the bomb." In some cases, survivors of fathers and grandfathers are puzzled that the hibakusha are reactivating talk about their experience. Seiji Tokyo, wallpaper designer Kanekura Jiro, whose grandfather survived the Nagasaki blast, has never talked about it.



Japanese survivors, celebrators in New York's memory of Japan's atomic bomb.

Cover

Fond memories of 'Atomic City'

Atomic Bomb Drag on Japan
Los Alamos Secret Disclosed by Truman
—headline in the Santa Fe
New Mexican, Aug. 6, 1945

President Harry Truman's disclosure labelled Los Alamos "The Atomic City." While Manhattan Project physicists worked at several sites around the United States and Canada, it was at the small town in northwest New Mexico—at a remote top location selected for its remoteness—that a collection of the best and the brightest built the weapon that ended the war with Japan and began the nuclear age. Many of these scientists, including laboratory director J. Robert Oppenheimer, quickly left "the Hill" to take up teaching posts; some of them would regret over the weapons they had created, even suggesting that Los Alamos should be shut down. But others believed it was too late to shift the game back to the battlefield. Recalled 79-year-old Morris Bradbury, who in 1945 replaced Oppenheimer as director: "The Germans were already getting into the act on nuclear weapons. The British were in the act. The Germans knew how to do it. So where would it have gotten us to close the place down?"

Director. During his 25-year tenure Bradbury led the lab on its postwar climb, and the town grew along with it. Los Alamos now is a combined city and county of 18,500 people with the highest per capita income in the state and one of the highest concentrations of PhDs anywhere. Apart from its off-the-piste setting, it bears little resemblance to the fixed-in-perpetuity encampment of wartime. The main garrison house has become a Mexican restaurant. On the site of the old wooden laboratories stands a modern county municipal building; the new lab—operated by the University of California for the U.S. Department of Energy—in a concrete complex sprawling across 61 square miles on a higher mesa, and its work includes peaceful programs in solar energy, space science and medical research.

But the main business of Los Alamos is still weapons. About 80 percent of the lab's budget is defense-oriented, includ-

ing work on missile-theater nuclear warheads and on President Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, the so-called "Star Wars" program. One aspect is the 300-megaton-a-year White House project, designed to produce a space-based neutral-particle-beam accelerator—as an alternative to the laser—in destroy enemy missiles. "This is a game," said Thomas Starks, manager of

Alamos' power group from Santa Fe, 50 km away, distributes beams periodically outside the lab, but Los Alamos' own brights drive a movement, which numbered at most about 25 members, has largely melted. The Immaculate Heart of Mary Catholic Church seemed to speak for the majority of the town in a 1983 statement calling the freedom "a peaceful foundation" which "affirms a stable and credible deterrent force at all stages of disarmament."

Residents. There is even greater agreement on events of the past, particularly among original residents. They remember the war years fondly, a nostalgia for younger days that happened also to have been important ones, and they make no apologies. On the contrary, the old-timers say, the devastation of the atom bomb seemed inevitable, and it was their duty—performed under extraordinarily trying circumstances—to stand by the Hill. Many had lost family and friends in overseas fighting; they were proud to help end a holocaust which, as far as they knew, the Japanese would otherwise have abandoned without a struggle. Basil T. "Pete" Elie Fuchs, who served in the Women's Army Corps at Los Alamos: "We saved many lives, Americans and Japanese."

But for all the belief in their war work, there are ways in which residents seem to downplay the town's bomb-building role, past and present. The Los Alamos County Chamber of Commerce no longer includes "The Atomic City" on its official stationery, and citizens are quick to point out the lab's non-military research. Despite some outside impingements: "People think we grow," said one physicist's wife—residents say Los Alamos is simply a nice place to live, with good schools, good living and sunny winters. "Every year," said June Mitchell, chamber of commerce director, "it becomes more like other cities." Still, no matter how unremarkable it appears, Los Alamos will always be the once-secret city on the mesa, the birthplace of the A-bomb—the little town that changed the world.

—BO LEE IN Los Alamos



Bradbury from Manhattan Project to Star Wars

the neutral-particle project. "This is an adventure."

Genetics. Not all residents are enthusiastic. Physicist John Manley, for one, a veteran of the Manhattan Project, calls Star Wars "a technical fix is a political problem" and he says that nuclear proliferation is a formula for "man genocide." But those residents are held by only a small minority in Los

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The President's brief crisis

The first operation was intended to be a routine procedure—the removal of a small growth, or polyp, from First Lady Nancy Reagan's nose. To that end, the first lady's husband, President Ronald Reagan, remained at Bethesda Naval Medical Center, accompanied by his wife, Nancy, shortly after 1:30 p.m. on Oct. 26, letter transferring presidential powers temporarily to Bush. Doctors and that the President will likely spend up to 16 days in hospital and need as long as 16 weeks to fully recover. "It's a very serious operation," Larry Speakes said, and that when Reagan signed the letter he told his wife, "I'm sending these letters, but you're still my First Lady."

the constitutional powers and duties of the office of the President of the United States. I have determined and it is my intention and desire that Vice-President George Bush shall discharge these powers and duties in my stead, even commencing with the administration of anesthesia to me in this instance." The document concluded: "I shall advise you."



Bethesda Naval Medical Center Request (below): minor surgery and intelligent patient

The document did not make clear whether Reagan intended to make a formal transfer of power under the provisions of the 25th Amendment to the Constitution or whether he was merely making an informal provision in case of authority if he did not recover. Later, an official source said privately that Reagan did not want to dramatize his use of the 25th Amendment because of a "temporary" disability on the part of the President.

and the vice-president) when I determine that I am able to retain the discharge of the constitutional powers and duties of this office." The letter to congressional leaders after Roosa's resignation was unanimous and in part, "I am able to retain the discharge of the constitutional powers and duties of the office of the President of the United States." Rainier, chief surgeon Dr. Edward Oster, "If the President needed to make a decision, he could make it."

The letter was addressed to Senate President Pro Tempore Strom Thurmond and Speaker of the House Thomas O'Neill—a constitutional requirement—and it said in part: "I am about to undergo surgery during which time I will be briefly and temporarily incapable of discharging



ing it all went. Then, doctors at George Washington University Hospital opened Reagan's chest, removed the "Devastator" explosive slug and reinfused his lung. The President spent 11 days in hospital, and it was 10 weeks before doctors declared him fully recovered.

Currently, Reagan is occupying a \$650-a-night suite two minutes from the operating room. The suite contains a presidential bedroom, a conference room, recreation facilities, two examination rooms, a kitchen and a nurse's station. Sources said that two doctors slept in the suite as Friday night, and it was there that Nancy Reagan awaited the outcome of the operation with her brother, Dr. Richard Davis, and her staff of Dr. James Rosenbach.

On Friday surgeon removed a small part of the large polyp—found on the mesentery, the tag of the large intestine where the colon joins the small intestine—to examine it for malignancy. The specimen, known as a biopsy, and a later *barium enema*, which provides X-ray pictures of intestinal organs, indicated that the growth was not cancerous. But most doctors say that it will take much more intensive examinations of the polyp before the possibility of cancer can be ruled out entirely.

Dr. Alan Cohen, for one, a surgeon at Toronto General Hospital and chief of the University of Toronto's colo-rectal program, said that it would take several days to determine the seriousness of the President's condition. Added Cohen: "You can do 10 biopsies and still miss parts of a malignancy. Whatever they say before or after the operation is nothing until the pathologists have had a detailed look at the whole polyp, which can take several days. My guess is that it is malignant."

Whatever the long-term nature of Reagan's illness, many observers said that it may weaken him politically. Presidents serving a second term traditionally have difficulty avoiding a so-called lame-duck image. And some insiders say that by turning over power to Bush, however briefly, the President may have provided his opponents and future contenders for his office with the symbolism they need to begin the race to the 1988 election.

Still, the transfer prevented the idea of confusion that arose after the administration's strong support for Reagan. At that time, then-secretary of state Alexander Haig declared, "I am in charge here." That led other members of the administration to make accommodations to power, and days passed before Bush emerged as the leading official. In the current crisis, the essential dignity of Ronald Wilson Reagan managed to dominate the

—TOM ASHMORE AS WASHINGTON

THE UNITED STATES

The contender in waiting

have an office in the White House has built an impressive record as the leader of numerous special committees and task forces, including industry deregulation. And last week he revealed his plans for a special panel on antitrust reform. As the 61-year-old Bush with soft-spoken, thoughtful manner, is expected to add another dimension to a Soviet gas pipeline to Western Europe. And while he did not formally assume presidential status when Reagan was wounded by a would-be assassin in 1981, he earned wide respect for his delicate handling of the crisis.

Although critics say that his bland style contrasts sharply with the President's landslide-winning charisma, Bush will be a formidable competitor for the presidency after Reagan's scheduled retirement. Reagan and his patron, the far-right

Book with wife. Perhaps brief on the job audience.

second term, immediately assured Washington from his weekend home in Kennebunkport, Me. Invoking constitutional authority never before used, the President transferred power to the vice-president, confidently placing the nation in Bush's care.

giving names. After losing a bitter fight for the 1986 Republican presidential nomination to Reagan, he immediately became the former California governor's most active supporter. The vice-president is noted for being an avid and highly competitive sportsman, spending his free time jogging or racing speedboats with his wife, Barbara.

is competent, although not brilliant. He has logged more than 600,000 miles in his attempts to sell the Reagan administration's programs around the world. Where previous non-presidents have been frustrated by lack of power and access to the President, Bush has weekly luncheons meeting with Reagan and sits in as an adviser. Following the lead of his predecessor, Walter Mondale, he has been unable to sell the second-term president's policies.



Rainbow Warrior after the bombing. Moore (below) "a savage blow"

NEW ZEALAND

The assault on Greenpeace

Since its formation in British Columbia in 1971, the international environmental group Greenpeace has won a host of campaigns against whalers, whaling, sperm, sperm whale and Soviet whaling, seal hunting in the St. Lawrence and for nuclear-free zones in the South Pacific. But it has also evidently earned itself deadly enemies. Last week, in the plumed harbor of Auckland, New Zealand, an unidentified assailant struck. Two explosives ripped into the hull of the Rainbow Warrior, the 140-foot Greenpeace flagship, during a 25th birthday party for American Steve Sawyer, a director of the group. Within four minutes the converted 30-year-old trawler sank in 40 feet of water. One member, photographer Fernando Pereira, 35, was caught below deck and drowned. The Rainbow Warrior and its crew had been preparing to sail in protest against French nuclear tests in Polynesia. Said a shaken Bryn Jones, director of the British branch of the group: "There is a long branch of powerful people, including government, who would have been very glad to see an end to Greenpeace."

At week's end, New Zealand authorities, Interpol and other intelligence agencies were searching for an unidentified Frenchman who was seen aboard

the Rainbow Warrior before the blast. The man reportedly drove to Takiri that same day. Police later recovered a Zouave, a reliable dirigible, abandoned two hours before the bombs went off, at a beach three kilometers away. New Zealand police also wanted to interview crew members of the French merchant vessel La Bocaille, which left its mooring bonds to Ramboeuf Warrior 31 hours after the blast. Salvage crews estimated that the underwater bombs, which left two gaping holes in the ship's hull, had the force of at least 45 lb of explosives. Said Greenpeace's British trustee, Tony Mariner: "Whatever played the bombs knew what they were doing. The ship had a double bottom, but the explosion took place at a point where it has only a single plating."

Mariner also argued that the bombing "had to be malicious." Said Mariner: "They could have sunk the boat without taking life. But they chose to do it in the evening when they must have known everybody would be aboard." In



fact, the target of the explosions may have been the full directorship of Greenpeace. On the night of the bombing the seven directors were to have sailed aboard the ship below the waterline. Just hours before the explosion they decided to stay at a nearby beach house, said Canada's director, Patrick Moore. "We are all feeling quite lucky," added Jones. "All the people who want to condone killing, polluting and destroying our natural world are our own enemies."

The Rainbow Warrior was in Auckland to lead a "peace flotilla" to protest nuclear bomb testing by France at Mururoa Atoll in French Polynesia, 3,600 miles northeast of Auckland. The six-ship flotilla was scheduled to arrive at the island on Aug. 6, the 40th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Purchased by Greenpeace in 1977 for \$134,000 (U.S.) and painted in rainbow colors with white down of peace on each side of the bow, the traveler had just completed a \$165,000 (U.S.) refit in Florida. The replacement cost is estimated at \$205,000. The Warrior was at the center of Greenpeace protests against international whaling fleets, nuclear waste dumping off Britain, French nuclear testing and the Canadian naval base—during which it was impounded twice. According to Jones, the destruction of the Warrior was "a savage blow." Crew member Jim Knaggs said that the failure of smaller vessels could not go without flotilla because it was to serve as the nucleus.

But this week's end, the New Zealand government, which opposes French nuclear testing, said it would consider negotiations that a navy ship be sent in place of the Rainbow Warrior. Prime Minister David Lange, a vocal opponent of nuclear weapons testing, termed the Rainbow Warrior "hostile, 'a major criminal act,' although he cautioned that a naval escort for the flotilla would be 'a very extraordinary militarization of what was essentially a public protest.' He added that the government would insist on substantial support for the estranged wife and two young children of photographer Pereira, a Portuguese with Dutch citizenship. Greenpeace, which relies on donations and subscriptions from its 42,000 members, last week established a fund for Pereira's family. Said Jones: "It is a sign of the times that even Greenpeace isn't excluded from terrorist attacks."

—HAL QUINN, with John Malmeder in Auckland and David North in London



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16-15 SPORTS SEDAN
OF THE YEAR

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Seeking clues to a tragedy

Investigators hunting for the flight recorders from the crash of Air-India Flight 182 found, the underscores search to examine "two or three football fields at night, looking for a brief case with a small penlight." As a result, when investigators announced last week that they had found the recorders in wreckage left on the ocean floor by the June 23 crash, search officials were both surprised and grateful. Investigators aboard the French underwater-cable repair ship *Loïc Thivierge* noticed that a robot submarine the size of a light truck had retrieved the cockpit voice recorder from 12 miles below the surface of the Atlantic, about 130 miles southwest of Cork, Ireland. Then, manipulated through a control cable from the *Loïc Thivierge*, the submerged sub retrieved a second "black box," the Boeing 747's flight data recorder, just 20 hours later.

Investigators regarded the retrieval of the recorders as a major breakthrough in seeking an explanation for the crash, which killed 319 people, most of them Canadians of Indian descent. Officials said that the recorders will provide vital indications of why the 50-year-old jumbo jet apparently broke up in the air at 35,000 feet two and a half hours after the Montreal-London leg of a flight from Toronto to Bombay. As of last week they had found no physical evidence to prove or disprove conclusively the theory that the plane was destroyed by a bomb. The FBI American agents called to the New York Times and the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. had observed alternately that Sikhs or Kashmiri extremists destroyed the jetliner. The Atlantic search came within minutes of an explosion at Japan's New Tokyo International Airport. There, two baggage handlers were killed when a bomb exploded in luggage taken off a *cru* Air Boeing 747 jet from Vancouver carrying some passengers originating with an Air-India flight to Bombay.

In Cork search crews credits recovery of Flight 182's recorders to the dexterity of the American-designed robot submarine, *Seasub E*. Designed in part by Bell Telephone Laboratories of Holmdel, N.J., and owned by an Atlantic cable consortium of American, British, French and Canadian telecommunications companies, the crablike *Seasub* (Submersible Craft Assistance, Repairs and Salvage) specifically is laying and repairing undersea cables. It is fitted with an array of electronic equipment, including sonar, television cameras and computer controls. The submersible

is built to pick up signals from the recorder at a distance of 350 to 450 yards. The 11-foot-long, 8,800-lb. submersible then made visual contact with the television "eyes" and used hydraulic arms to pluck up the recorder.

But by week's end some investigators said that data from the flight recorders may prove inconclusive if the jet's electronic systems failed at the time of the



Recovering a flight recorder: technical success

presumed explosion and shut off the flight recorders. Explained Canadian Air Safety Board (CANSO) spokesman Ted Phane: "If the power cut off with an explosion, there would be no [useful] information as either one."

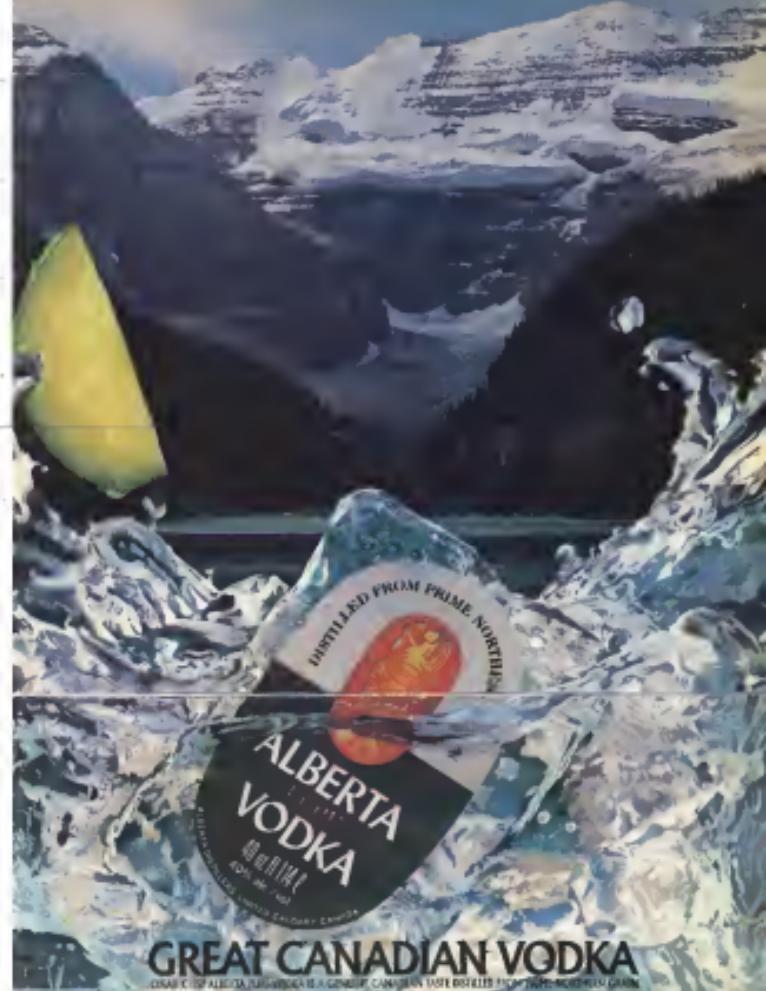
Adding to the controversy, Indian officials, who are responsible for the investigation, insisted that the flight recorders be flown to Bombay for an all-night British and American experts said that

to analyze the flight data. And Sikhs spokesman, saying they discredited the plan, called for an international task force. Said Gurcharan Singh, a founder and former president of the Federation of Sikh Societies of Canada, at an Ottawa press conference: "The India government has a very strong bias against us and they will do everything to further malign this community. They will make the Canadian government believe there was a bomb and that the Sikhs were responsible." But in New Delhi, S.S. Sikha, the head of India's civil aviation industry, asserted that his country has the necessary recorder-analysts facilities and added that he had "no objection" to including Canadian and American experts in the analysis team. With that, three North American specialists flew to Bombay from London—Pierre de Niverville, chief investigator with the case; counterpart Jack Young from the U.S. National Transportation Safety Board; and Bernie Cugler, head of the Flight Recorder Playback Center at the Canadian National Research Council in Ottawa.

As the technical post-mortem proceeded, police and political authorities grappled with security questions and the political aftermath of last month's tragedy. Once investigators in Canada examined witness that the plane was blown up by Sikh terrorists who had also been involved in a failed plot to assassinate Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi just four days after the Air-India crash, the terrorist Hickland, B.C., changed a Vancouver Sikh, Rajinder Singh Purwani, with two counts of possessing a restricted and unregistered weapon in a case arising from the brief detention of a man carrying parts of an Unabomber's gun at Vancouver airport late in April. That same day another man was detained at London's Heathrow Airport with parts of an Unabomber's gun.

An Ottawa official had said that there were no charges initially because neither suspect possessed fully assembled weapons. Purwani was released on \$5,000 bail on June 25 and is due to stand trial on Sept. 30. For his part, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney responded to criticism from Gandhi last week that Canada has not been "tough enough" with terrorists. Canada's "record of fighting terrorism," countered Mulroney, "is second to none."

—MARKUS GILL, with Alfonso MacKenzie in Ottawa, Philip Winslow in Cork and Philip Morris in Bombay



GREAT CANADIAN VODKA

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Rumors of a run on a bank

It was Stampede Week in Calgary, and in the windows of Northland Bank's Fifth Avenue headquarters grinning cardboard cowboys posed with their paper sacks holding with money. But Northland president William Neupole had little to celebrate last week. A midweek report in The

local collapse caused by the weak Western economy. Said one executive in the Calgary office of a major Canadian bank: "Consider that 75 per cent of our loan losses are in Alberta, but for as that's only 10 per cent of our business. Regional banks do not have that luxury." Deposits of more than \$800,000 are not covered by the federal government's

bank—the \$11,000 shares traded on Thursday and Friday on the Toronto and Alberta stock exchanges roughly equal the amount traded in a normal month. A quarter of those shares crossed the floor in one trade 20 minutes after the markets opened Thursday. The fact that there were willing buyers—and that the price fell only slightly



Northland Bank building in Calgary (president Neupole (below) stampede celebrations, talk of a collapse and acidic elements

Edmonton Journal postulating that Northland, Canada's 14th-largest federal bank, with assets of \$1.25 billion, was losing customers, swiftly led to rumors that the bank was facing a run on deposits. Then Neupole was faced with the task of trying to convince the public that new, smaller deposits would offset the large deposits he had withdrawn from the institution. The attorney, Neupole told MacLean's, was "one of those phantoms that hopefully don't materialize." Still, he acknowledged that since late May the bank has borrowed an additional \$10 million from the Bank of Canada—it already owed \$5 million—to cover cash shortages.

In the banking community every rumor is taken seriously—a bank failure would both reflect and cause structural problems in the economy. In the case of Northland, analysts said that large corporate depositors such as pension funds have been pulling out of Northland since March as a result of several other finan-

cial collapses caused by the weak Western economy. Said one executive in the Calgary office of a major Canadian bank: "Consider that 75 per cent of our loan losses are in Alberta, but for as that's only 10 per cent of our business. Regional banks do not have that luxury." Deposits of more than \$800,000 are not covered by the federal government's

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have been expressing private concerns about Northland for months. And MacLean's has learned that Minister of State for Finance Barbara McDougall was involved in intense discussions concerning Northland immediately before her early July departure for Paris and a month-long French-immersion course.

The government of Alberta is a solid supporter of Northland. Treasurer Lee Hyndman declared on Friday that the bank is "stable." The province is Northland's largest depositor, with about \$30 million in the bank, and a large creditor—last month it picked up \$5 million of a \$15-million debt issue by the bank. In March Alberta joined Ottawa and the six largest Canadian banks in a \$255 million rescue of the cra.

In Ottawa, Commons finance committee chairman Dan Bortman, who has recently encouraged Alberta to tax regulation of oil, told MacLean's that the Alberta government had lost about \$1 billion more than Bortman. Bortman also emphasized that the Conservative government is "Ottawa's right." In some condition, allow a bank to fail, despite assurances from the Bank of Canada that it would not allow a bank collapse.

Northland appears to be partly a casualty of oil's volatility. Declared Neupole: "Northland is caught in a oil price effect that's not a normal circumstance." Still, the relationship between the two has some foundation. Both are Alberta-based regional banks with a high proportion of commercial deposits and large loans still on their books from the province's boom days in the late 1970s.

Most analysts say that Northland's management is making major efforts to revitalize the bank's affairs and win new deposits. Said Neupole: "The thing we find suspending is that people aren't acknowledging that management can make a difference." Since March, Northland's personal deposits have increased from \$360 million, or 36 per cent of the bank's deposit base, to \$500 million, Neupole said. The bank needs the help this week Northland will approach the actual extent of its borrowings from the Bank of Canada up to the end of May—the \$100 million that Neupole told MacLean's about last week.

Still, the adverse publicity has drawn some customers to the bank. One man walked into Northland's Toronto office last Friday and deposited more than \$300,000. He was doing it to return a favor, he said. A branch officer 15 years earlier, Neupole, then a Royal Bank assistant branch manager, had lent him \$20,000 when he was in desperate need. "The funny thing is," says Neupole, "I didn't even remember it."

Investors reacted to the Northland run by trading the bank's stock in unprecedented num-

After an OPEC blowout

It was the kind of confusion that the world has come to expect from a meeting of OPEC, the 23-year-old Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. In the lobby of Vienna's plush International Hotel, bodyguards eyed writing journalists while Austrian police whisked guests through a airport-style metal detector. In the hotel's penthouse, far removed from the meeting, sat the most powerful of the 13 oil ministers in attendance, Saudi Arabia's Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, who had stormed out in frustration on the opening day. Then, when the three-day meeting ended, it became clear that the delegates had again failed to agree on oil prices, or even to agree on a date to determine the price of oil to its lowest level since the crisis of 1973. Observers predicted that a following session in Geneva next week could be OPEC's last chance to head off a disastrous price spike from the current \$37 U.S. a barrel. Said Venezuela's oil minister, Arturo Grusenmeyer: "If OPEC comes to function, effectively, there will be stability in the oil markets."

Late last week Mexico, a major oil exporter which is not a member of OPEC, put additional pressure on the organization by dropping its price by \$1.56 a barrel. A fall in OPEC's stabilized prices at or near the present level would have mixed effects in Canada. Industries that consume a great deal of energy, like forestry and manufacturing, would benefit from lower oil bills. But for Canada's oil business a sharp drop in prices would short a budding recovery from a three-year downturn. Officials say the industry could absorb a moderate slide to about \$35 (U.S.) a barrel. But they add that significantly lower prices could and development of costly new energy sources. Most vulnerable frontier fields, like the Beaufort Sea in the Arctic, and for sands and heavy-oil reserves in Alberta.

In fact, a sharp price decline might make unattractive many of the oil sands and heavy-oil projects—worth a total of \$15 billion—that are now planned or under way in the province

and, bank analysts add, that lower oil prices would worsen the problems of several troubled western banks. Said University of Alberta economist John Lovinsen: "Whether OPEC disintegrates or loses some of its power to fix price levels, the result is bad for Alberta. It's all a question of degree."

Still, most observers do not anticipate an imminent collapse of prices. Edward Sheinfeld, for one, chief economist of the Royal Bank in Montreal, said that while price is not strong enough to prevent a downward drift in oil prices, it is strong enough to prevent a chaotic decline. Oil executives like Art Price, president of Husky Oil Ltd. of Calgary, are also confident that prices will stabilize. Husky plans to build a \$2-billion heavy-oil upgrading plant in Lloydminster, on the Alberta-Saskatchewan border, to transform heavy \$40,000 barrels of heavy oil into a day-grade synthetic crude. But a decision to complete the plant by 1990 depends on the price of oil. Said Price: "If we go to a new and sustained base level of oil prices in the late '80s, then the project would not be attractive—at that stage, there aren't many projects that would be."

One project that might survive a lower price is the huge Hibernia oilfield, located 175 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. According to Michael McQuaide, president of Iformex, an Ottawa-based economic research firm, "Hibernia is still viable anywhere from \$35 to \$60 a barrel up."

Oil professors insist that any drastic fall in prices would upset the case on governments to protect the industry by cutting taxes on oil production. In Alberta taxes and royalties make up 30 to 40 percent of the cost of a barrel of oil. But taxes on oil are a key source of revenue for the governments of Canada and Alberta. The result is a situation that would have been inconceivable a decade ago—OPEC oil governments quietly hoping that oil will reach an agreement that will prop up oil prices. —MARC GALT, with Andrew McMillan in Edmonton, Jim MacMullan in Victoria, and Chris Wood in Calgary



The King of corporate traders

To his detractors among Toronto's easy business elite, he is the cleft-fisted tyrant of Bay Street, a ruthless manipulator with little respect for the established order. To his supporters, he is a brilliant, canny and determined entrepreneur who has revolutionized the staid Canadian securities industry. To Canada's most powerful business leaders, he is the chosen private of deal makers. He is James Russell Gordon, the 48-year-old chairman, 15-year-veteran and driving force behind Gordon Capital Corp., a Toronto securities company. Last week Gordon's competitors were wistful for Gordon's next move in concert with Power Corp., the giant Montreal-based holding company controlled by secretive financier Paul Desmarais. Said an executive with a competing Montreal firm: "We never know where we are going to see them next. But the whole industry is tarrying to their style."

Since taking over control of Gordon in the mid-1970s, Gordon has transformed the 17-year-old firm into one of the most powerful brokerage houses in the country. And he has done it while shrugging his nose at the rabid old boys' network that dominates Canadian business. At Gordon's headquarters on

With lightning speed the Gordon traders buy and sell huge blocks of stock linking the coun- try's buyers and sellers

Yonge, ranking it third in Canada after Desmarais' Securities Pittfield and Wood Gundy, both of Toronto, the previous year. Gordon was not even among the top 10 Canadian firms as aggressive that someone once sent him a five-pronged fish.

Last month Gordon masterminded the sale of a \$100-million chunk of Canadian Pacific stock for Power Corp. The appearance of prominent federal

Liberal Jean Chretien in Gordon's Montreal office has prompted speculation that Gordon will be a key player in Power Corp.'s next move. Chretien's daughter, Francoise, is married to Paul Desmarais' son Andre. Chretien told Maclean's that he had been hired by Gordon to handle "a particular piece of work."

His presence on the Gordon team illustrates Canadian's most intense competition. Said one partner in the company: "Gordon likes only the best." And while many Bay Street bluebloods scorn Gordon and Gordon Capital, they enjoy solid links to big players outside the establishment. In addition to Desmarais, Gordon has close ties to Peter and Edward Desroches, who have helped Gordon finance some of its most aggressive moves.

Those links came under scrutiny last May during hearings held by the Ontario Energy Board, which, in part, investigated Gordon's role in another company's collapse. Union Enterprises Ltd., which controls the second-largest gas utility in southern Ontario, by Unisys Canada Corp., a Toronto-based holding company controlled by local entrepreneur George Massi. By last April, when Massi emerged victorious with 49 per cent of Unisys, Gordon had been accused of numerous infractions of securities regulations, including

the leaking of valuable information to some of its favored clients. But, after concluding an investigation, the Ontario Securities Commission exonerated the company.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 21, when Massi threw a party in his Toronto home to celebrate the takeover, James Gossacher had something else to celebrate. That evening four Gordon executives had flown to Montreal, where, by 4 p.m., they had concluded the deal to buy Power Corp.'s 45-per-cent share of Unisys. Two hours later they arrived at Massi's home, where a smiling James Gossacher informed guests that the Gordon team had already sold three-quarters of the shares. And, said Gossacher, the rest would be sold "by 20" time trading opened the next day.

The breathtaking speed of that transaction illustrates the key to Gossacher's success: the art of the "bulldog deal." Traditionally, companies wishing to buy or sell stock approach brokers, who agree to find buyers for any stock not sold in the responsibility of the company, not the broker. In a bulldog deal, the broker simply hands the company a check for the stock and then finds buyers. Gordon's strength is its astonishing ability to quickly link the country's largest buyers and sellers. Gordon itself has a capital pool of about \$60

million, which it constantly turns over in such transactions, as well as access to many gathered from buyers lined up in advance and from outside buyers, such as the Borealmans.

According to James Pittfield, chairman of Desmarais Securities Pittfield, the country's largest brokerage house, the bought deal was a rarity until Gordon pioneered its widespread use in 1983. Lately, he said, "It has become more of the norm." Pittfield, who, like Gossacher, is a native of Winnipeg and a graduate of the University of Manitoba, square of against his rival when he represented Unisys Enterprises during the Unisys-Uncorp confrontation. In late February, at the height of the battle, Uncorp sent Pittfield a live turkey. Pittfield sent back a dead duck.

Gossacher also sent corporate lawyer Howard Beck, a member of the prominent Toronto firm of Davis, Ward and Beck, who was also acting on behalf of Uncorp, a dead fish. Beck's response: a live, captive dove. For the Canadian business community, that peace offering was a symbol of how influential Gossacher and Gordon have become, and how few businesses are averse to pitting themselves against them.

Mark Clark, with Bruce Wallace in Montreal and Dan Sharoff and Patricia Dent in Toronto.



Gossacher: dead men and a live dove



When it pours, it reigns.

Tough talk about hard money

By Peter G. Newman

The last business book of the summer is *Hard Money* (Viking), a novel by Michael H. Thomas, a former Wall Street investment banker and insurance broker who skillfully documents the clash between Old and New Money in a multifaceted dollar-laden tale. Falling somewhere between the melodramatic talents of an early John le Carré and the narrative mannerisms of a late Henry James, Thomas depicts with telling effect just how money power works.

It's a world in which one of the female protagonists looks "as if she came out of the womb in a twin set and pearls"; another "runs on empty, the way a car runs on gas"; men compete for "loudest privileges" and expand west of their energies as social climbing, hoarding goods and clutching prostitutes.

Interestingly about the attempted reverse takeover of a large U.S. broadcasting empire, the book is really a platform for Thomas to present some devastating insights. He discusses *The New York Times* as "the life-style journal of record", defines home as "where you know what to do with yourself on Sunday", and after walking up front a hangover confesses that he smooth "taised as if the German army was on field exercises".

No reserve valuation, either in construction, has so correctly caught what is at the heart of the capitalist ether that nothing about people is as revealing as how they relate to money, because it defines their souls.

Just as evocative but very different is Harry Bruce's thoughtful biography of Frank Seely (Macmillan), the sprightly king of Pictou County, N.S. It is a long book about slow lives, beautifully deflating the approach that has allowed as many hidden fortunes to flourish on our East Coast. Bruce enhances his reputation as one of Canada's top magazine writers by combining business expertise with his probe of Nova Scotia culture. The spectacularly successful growth of the Seely holdings through the appropriately named Empire Co. Ltd. can be understood only in terms of family. This is one of Canada's few business dynasties worthy of the title, and Harry Bruce explains the reasons for its success and longevity.

Golden Guest (Douglas & McIntyre) is the first book-length description of the run to mine the goldfields at Hemlo, a pit stop off the Trans-Canada Highway

in northwestern Ontario. Author Matthew Hart's approach is curiously artisanal. His Rangoruan documents of Murray Peurin, the Vancouver prosecutor who started it all, are first-rate. "If there were no such invention as the mobile telephone," he writes, "Peurin would probably have to maintain a whole crew of fixers, following his second stringing telephone wires because he can't get the idea this is a man who likes to stay in touch."



Thomas: out of the womb in a twin set

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John Nauert, one of North America's more successful futurists, has narrowed his sights from his previous Megatrends to *The Year Ahead* (Anansi), with mildly interesting results. Even if he often lapses into trendy dogma ("Yesterday is over") and emphasizes simplistic dogma ("The middle class isn't disappearing, it's being redefined"), his basic thesis is sound. He documents his view that North America is not in a recovery or a recession but that something much more important is occurring that we are changing economies.

It is in his descriptions of how this new phase affects daily lives that the slim Nauert report gains currency. One example is his contention that the people who are really changing the workplace are the baby boomers who grew up at the networking style of the 1960s protest movements and who are now using similar techniques to turn corporate愚昧 charts upside down.

Another less stated and more fascinating look into the future is Peter Marsh's *The Space Business* (Penguin), which postulates the consequences of the new frontier that will be whirling in orbit above us by 2000. The author predicts that "when the orbital marketplace grows, people will find it more economical to buy goods stamped 'Made in Space' than, in fact, nowadays, those produced in the Philippines or Taiwan."

These exotic manufacturing platforms will take advantage of the special characteristics of space: low gravity, vacuum, freedom from impurities and abundant energy accessible by turning the sun's rays into electricity with solar cells. Marsh writes in such an authoritative style that his forecasts for the original products of this new technology read as if they were already available. Prototype factories are expected to be launched by 1990.

One of the most intriguing notions quoted in *The Space Business* is Arthur C. Clarke's suggestion that hospitals be built in orbit. "The infinite variety of detail presented by the continents, sea and clouds, the pleasure of picking out familiar landmarks and scenes and of observing the streets of great cities by telescope should recreate the patients to their temporary exile."



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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS CANADA LTD.

Coca-Cola brings back the 'real thing'

By Bob Levin and Bill Gladstone

The press conference heralded the return of the real Real Thing. At Coca-Cola's Atlanta, Ga., headquarters last week, chairman Sergio Gonzales announced that the U.S. firm was moving to public pressure and reintroducing the original formula of its flagship brand, Coke—the same formula it replaced just 11 weeks earlier. In the United States old Coke will now be marketed under the trademark Coca-Cola Classic and sold alongside new Coke. "We have hated you," said Gonzales in a message directed to old-Coke loyalists. Added Donald Knapp, the company's president and chief operating officer: "The passion for original Coke caught us by surprise. It's a lovely American emotion, and you can't measure it any more than you can measure love or patriotism or pride."

When Coca-Cola introduced new Coke last April and sealed the product's 50-year-old secret formula in an Atlanta vault, company executives described it as the "smart move" they had ever

made. That maneuver, designed primarily to counter archival Pepsi's Coca-Cola's switch into the constantly expanding youth market, was based on a new blend devised four years ago by Coke chemists. Gonzales said that new Coke is sweeter and less fizzy than the original—consistently best both Pepsi and old Coke in extensive taste tests conducted in the United States and Canada. But the estimated \$16-million advertising campaign to launch the new Coke began to falter as increasing numbers of old-Coke drinkers protested the disappearance of the old product. As a result, Coke officials now admit, sales of new Coke, up eight per cent in May, leveled off in June.

Still, executives at Coca-Cola's Canadian subsidiary declared that the company would not immediately make the change. Neville Kirshenbaum, Coke's Canadian president, said that Canadian fans have voiced little outcry against old Coke's disappearance. Donald Kirshenbaum, who had been notified of the American action only one day earlier, last week announced the establishment

apparently. Said Jerry Meyers, publisher of Connecticut-based Beverage Report: "They have had a cold-colored egg from New Haven to Alabama." All across the United States old Coke lovers snatched up the last available cases of their favorite drink, and copies sold them at a premium price. In Seattle, Tom Mathews, 47, a retired construction and engineering Coke fan, formed a group called Old Coke Lovers of America. The organization spent what Mathews says was \$40,000 of his own and borrowed money to sell T-shirts, set up a round-the-clock phone bank for protesters—and bring a class-action suit against Coke (subsequently thrown out of court). Said Mathews: "I began to understand why the Magna Carta was signed. The company had taken away freedom of choice."

According to market analysts on both sides of the border, Coke is still it. The hobby, which includes carbonated water, sugars, extract, lime juice, citric acid, caffeine and phosphoric acid, continues to hold a 21.7-per-cent share of the United States \$20-billion soft-drink market, compared to 19.8 per cent for rival PepsiCo Inc. In Canada, where the market is worth \$2.5 billion, Coke commands a 21.3-per-cent share, compared to Pepsi's 18.1 per cent. But at PepsiCo's Purchase, N.Y., headquarters, officials expressed satisfaction at



Guzzetta responding to old-Coke lovers

Coca's turnaround. Donald company spokesman David Peck: "They're still with us, they're here, and New Coke has been a dud." A Coke executive continues to have confidence in the future, he says. Gonzales, the author of Coca-Cola Classic to the firm's other soft products—Fanta, Diet Coke, U.S.-market Cherry Coke and the caffeine-free drinks such as Spritz and Dietite. Orange Soda, now available in Canada and due in U.S. stores in the next few months—gives the company "the most formidable position in the industry."

Coke officials say that Coca-Cola Classic has not been part of any grand marketing strategy, contrary to the suspicion of many consumers. But they add that they have been heartened by Wall Street's reaction to old Coke's re-introduction at week's end. Coca-Cola stock had increased by 12.35 per cent to \$72.55, its highest value in 12 years. But Pepsi-Cola plans to continue its aggressive marketing war. Declared Chris Minic, president of Pepsi-Cola Canada Ltd.: "We're not surprised which way Coke goes, because Pepsi beat the old Coke in taste tests. We welcome the opportunity to compete with the old Coke again." The question now is whether old Coke can translate its fan-fused enthusiasm generated by its latest move into long-term gains—and what new Pepsi challenges it might face. □

MARTINI. IN A GLASS BY ITSELF.
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The comeback queen of rock 'n' roll

By Brian D. Johnson

Tina Turner exploded onto the stage, her legs wicked with rhythm, her backside mass-lesing as if it could ignite from the energy. For an hour and a half she shimmered, swirled and caressed her way into the hearts and bodies of 5,000 Newfoundlanders who packed a St. John's hockey arena last week for the first concert of her North American tour. The ancient woman in pop music arrived onstage in white lace-trimmed pants, changed halfway through her show from a stretch-leather gown into a late date and had her top replaced with a dragon-like chain-mail and accented by a black leather collar draped just past the hip. But it was her singing voice—the darkening sound of friction between soul and funk—that drew the crowd to the stage. At the age of 46, Tina Turner has never been better. As she is fond of saying to her audiences, "They ask me when am I going to slow down, and I tell them I'm just getting started."

After nearly three decades in show business, Turner has emerged as America's most dynamic queen of rock 'n' roll. With the runaway success of her comeback album, *Private Dancer*, which has spawned four hit singles, earned three Grammies and sold eight million copies during the past year, Turner's annual 30-city sojourn in Newfoundland had all the impact of a regular visit. Launched after a three-month European tour, she chose St. John's as a quiet place to try out a new show before taking it to 80 cities across North America, including 11 in Canada. At the same time, she is winning critical raves for her starring screen role with Mel Gibson in the science-fiction thriller *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. And the release next spring of her biography, by Rolling Stone magazine writer Kurt Loder, which includes a graphic account of her 14-year stint as the battered wife of band leader Ike Turner, promises to be a major publishing event. To help prepare the book she had in everyone's chaotic for discussing her past, "I drink a lot of water," she said, "but I did it."

There is a storybook quality to Turner's life, and her ability to act out her songs in video vignettes helped propel her to stardom. Now she has gone a step further by donning her film performances with her musical resurgence. In fact, she hired Thunderdome's costume supervisor, Jocelyn Bois, to help tailor her image on the tour. The char-

acter that she wears onstage is a co-films version of the 30-something that she wears in the film, *And Thunderdome's* bold anthem, "We Don't Need Another Hero," is already rising on the pop charts. Turner is infinitely sweater as a singer

Turner: "I want to do really basic songs that I'd like to do a female version of Sylvester Stallone's *Rambo*." Recently, she shocked Hollywood by repeatedly turning down an offer to star in director Steven Spielberg's film *The Color Purple*.



Turner as Aunt Eddy, an amazing reversal in fortunes after years as a disturbed wife

than as the mouth-lipped Aunt Eddy in *Thunderdome*, but in both roles she is undeniably commanding force.

Interviewed last week on her St. John's dressing room, the five-foot, four-inch Turner, wrapped in a blue Terry-towelling, talked about the kind of star she would like to become. Said

git, based on Alice Walker's novel about a poor black woman growing up as a victim of brutality. Said Turner, "Black people do better than this. I lived that life with my husband. I've lived down south in the cotton fields. I don't want to do anything I've done."

The past that Turner is determined to

escape began in the tiny town of Nutbush, Tenn. She was born Anna Mae Bullock and grew up picking cotton with her sister, her flighty showman father and her half-Cherokee mother. Her parents separated when she was a teenager, and at 16 she and her sister joined their mother in St. Louis, where she saw her first big-city band, the Turner and the Kings of Rhythm. One night she grabbed the microphone and unleashed the instrument that her biographer would later describe as "a voice that

panure with her appearance as the Anti-Queen Ken Russell's *Elm Street* at Tim's star role, he became an increasingly toral loss. "It was a little slave girl," he recalled. "He would beat me up." One night during a tour in 1976 Tina struck back for the first time, then walked out with just \$800 cash and a handbag to her name. Later, she divorced him without asking for any money or property, but was saddled with thousands of dollars in damages from the canceled tour. Valiantly, she re-

vived who took over her career in 1982. Two years ago Davies teamed her with members of the British electro-funk band Heaven 17 to record Al Green's soul classic "Let's Stop Together." It became a major hit in Britain, but U.S. record label gave her \$100,000 and she had two weeks to come up with an album. Frightened, Davies selected songs from various writers, and despite that patchwork approach, *Private Dancer* proved to be a cohesive and powerful package. Such disparate songs as "What's Love Got to Do With It?" and "Better Be Good to Me" joined to form a fresh image for Turner as a wise survivor of the sexual wars. Said John Martin, programming director of the MuchMusic rock video network: "Her success corresponds with a new way of looking at sex, self-assured women. She's doing it on her own and she's a heroine because of that."

Just as Turner hopes to steer her career toward machine-gun heroism, she is anxious to push her career to the front lines of rock 'n' roll. She recently dated rock superstars like Mick Jagger and David Bowie. Now that she is the only female rocker who shares their charmed circle, declared Turner, "When you're talking about the guys who can pack those football stadiums, you're talking about the use that the girls have. It's like breaking the rules for me to get a chance to be with them."

Despite her "tough mama" image, the private Turner appears to be considerably less aggressive than the public one. Practicing Buddhism for the past 10 years, she has developed a remarkable talent for focusing her physical energies. Said *Thunderdome* director George Miller: "I've never seen anybody who could be on the one hand as energetic and as the other as still." Turner herself claims that her reputation as a "strong, scary woman" is misleading. Success has allowed her to pay off about \$500,000 in debts and to support seven family members, including two of her children and two of Bob's. Living in a relatively modest home in a Los Angeles suburb, she remains romantically unattached. Said Turner: "I haven't really had time to find anybody."

During the past two weeks in St. John's, Turner passed up a dozen of social invitations for everything from coed-paddling to helicopter rides. Her sole priority was to prepare the show that would put her in league with the Jugglers and the Bowlers of the world. Unlike her heroes, Turner did not write her songs, but she interprets them in a way that makes them her own. In one of them, *I Wish I Was Born Queen*, she sings "I remember the girl in the fields with no name." Finally, proving herself an unexpected survivor, Tina Turner has become a name that no one will forget. □



Onstage in St. John's, displaying a wistful sexuality and a raw, sexual voice

could face polyester at 50 paces."

During the late 1960s Ike and Tina Turner became white America's favorite black soul revue. Signed by the British music press in 1968 as Tina's *River Deep - Mountain High* the two toured with The Rolling Stones. And in 1973 her

return to the stage with her own *Lust* was never. Said Turner: "You get a little bit of everything with me—laughter, sex, sadness and then there's energy."

Turner's transformation from supper club singer to rock superstar was guided by Roger Davies, the Australian man-

British actress Susan Wooldridge, in her 30s, had decided to abandon her 10-year stage career in 1981 when Britain's Granada Television asked her to audition for the role of Daphne Havers in the 15-hour series *The Jewel in the Crown*. Wooldridge, who had been augmenting her theatre income with odd jobs, including delivering parcels and cleaning houses, declared, "I was going through a rough time." She won the Crown part but needed no more offers during the 38 months before the series went on the air. Then, she recalled, "That six offers the day after it was screened" she has now completed five TV productions, one stage engagement, and last week was in Las La Bales, in northern Alberta, starring in a Canadian-U.K. co-production of *First Love*, her first major role in a feature film. Still rarely recognized on the streets of her native London, she has ample and enthusiastic fans who meet her in Las La Bales. Said Wooldridge: "It is absolutely beautiful here. I am having a ball."



Wooldridge: delivering parcels and cleaning houses

In September CBC TV's *Jewel* cohort and documentary producer Mary Lou Finlay, 36, will fulfill a 15-year-old promise to herself when she joins the back-to-school populace at Harvard

The timing was right when The Toronto Star's staff at the Ontario legislature presented government Whip **Joan Smith**, 37, Liberal MP for London South, with a custom-made leather whip last week. A page delivered the \$400-plus, three-foot, braided rose-leather whip, with a black leather handle, to Smith in the legislature an hour before a brooch-ban that cleared most of the seats and set the bells clanging. Said Smith:



Smith: "need to move"

"The whip was a surprise gift, but it is appropriate and very needed today." The province's first female whip, who accepted the gift from Premier **David Peterson** on June 26, says she is new to a job that makes her responsible for keeping Liberal MPs in line, but not the function. Added Smith: "With seven children, you have to crack the whip."



—coldest of the CBC Ottawa daytime talk show *Four for the Floor*. After 10 years in broadcasting, as such shows as *Take 30*, *As It Happens* and *Line D G*, Finlay says she is "looking forward immensely" to her year at Harvard. Added Finlay: "Who says journalists do not need to learn? I am looking forward to contrasting. What a luxury, eh?"

On the most hallowed ground of the game—Centre Court at the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club—Becky Becker, 11, of West Germany lunged and crashed, rocketed serves and volleys, played tennis with a tennis ball—yes, made history. With the game's reigning champ, John McEnroe, and runner-up, Jimmy Connors, eliminated, Becker defeated marauded American Kevin Curren, 22, a native of South Africa, last week to win the Wimbledon girls' singles championship. With that, Becker, the youngest and the first American champion in the tournament's 80-year history. After it was over, Becker's parents, who had seen their son only those times in the past year, informed the teenager that his grandfather had died before the tournament began. The six-foot, two-inch, 125-lb blonde was almost unknown before winning his first tournament, the Queen's Club in London, the month before Wimbledon. But he had already signed \$155,000 in endorsement contracts and—although he does not have a driver's license—took up a tax-sheltered residence in Monte Carlo. That prompted the respected German weekly *Der Zeit* to brand Becker a "tax evader." Still, the winner of the \$367,000 Wimbledon prize received an overwhelming welcome when he returned home last Friday. Said Becker: "I think this will change tennis in Germany. They have never had an idol, and now maybe they have one."

—EDITED BY BETTY LACOMBE

Becker: "need to move" and a tennis champion

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FOR THE RECORD

New directions in jazz

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST

Miles Davis (1981)

Since his comeback in 1981, many fans have expected trumpeter Miles Davis to pursue his role as an innovator of jazz. But on the formidable jazz-cop album *You're Under Arrest*, Davis gives his band rigid marching orders which leave no room for musical invention. He limits the rhythmic section to a rhythmic loop, while he provides suitable solos that cleanly follow the grooveier mistakes of Mr. Maracas, MCA and Cyndi Lauper's pop hit *Time After Time*. Even when great guitarist John McLaughlin looks off *Karma* with a mysterious smile, a coldly calculated synthesizer soon overwhelms his efforts. The album's curiosity, *Human Nature*, features Davis talking about a fictional drug bust. The jazz tries to restore Davis's "bad dude" image, but, like so much of Arrest, it sorely lapses into silliness. By pandering too hard to popular tastes, Davis comes frighteningly close to becoming a major jazz curmudgeon.



Review: *Initial chords to classic swing*

THE THIRD DECADE
The Art Ensemble of Chicago
(ECM/WDR)

The Art Ensemble of Chicago sprang up 30 years ago with a burgeoning interest in Afro-Asian culture. Led by saxophonist Sun Ra, the five-man group sought to capture the breadth of world music by combining rhythms and blues, tribal shuffles, free-form dancing and chaotic swing. Despite such ambitious aims, the ensemble made good on Ra's promise and is still going strong. The anniversary album, *The Third Decade*, is one of the group's most accomplished recordings to date. The opening piece, *Prayer for Justice*, is a stirring memorial to black soldiers around the world which builds from a military symphonic prelude to a full, solvent march. Two of the best tracks nod appreciatively to jazz history: Mitchell's *Blues in the Moonlight*, a slow swing waltz, and trumpeter Lester Bowie's *Zero*, an alarmingly sleek and boppy big-band extravaganza. The album closes with the title cut, comprising African percussions and furious improvisations, which manage to look back on jazz origins while pointing to the music's future. That it can do both in a single composition attests to the enormous talents of one of the world's most adventurous jazz ensembles.

—HAPP TESTA



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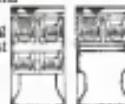


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FILMS

A bumpy ride along the western trail

SILVERADO

Directed by Lawrence Kasdan

Silverado begins deceptively as a variation on the classic western when one of its four heroes, Emmett (Scott Glenn), who is refused a drink because of his color. As well, Emmett and Paden fall in love with the same

Denehy, and turns down his job offer because he suspects Cobb of operating outside of the law. In a saloon the two of them stand up for a black man, Mal (Danny Glover), who is refused a drink because of his color. As well, Emmett and Paden fall in love with the same

Emmett's house. Silverado, they pass one beautiful, empty vista of sagebrush and valley after another. When they reach their destination Paden relents to his suspicion of Cobb and goes to work for him, unaware that Cobb is really in league with the cattle baron McKeithen (Roy Scheider), whose men attacked Emmett in the saloon.

At that late point Kasdan introduces the film's most emotionally affecting relationship, between the dissimilar saloon manager, Stella (Linda Hunt), and Paden, who admire each other's pacific philosophy and integrity. Emmett pays a few calls on Stella, now a widow, whose childhood dialogue includes, "After a while I won't be pretty, but this land will be." Meanwhile, the evil cattle baron has driven Mal's father off it. When McKeithen kills the father and kidnaps John and Emmett's互相, Angie (Tina Brown), events finally boil over to a climax involving the entire cast, lots of back-shots and a cattle stampede. The ending is only slightly satisfying, half-hour sequence that Silverado whips up some suspense and becomes a rousing action picture.

The movie's central problem is that it keeps jumping back and forth sharply from the serious to the comic, destroying any continuity of story. One moment Emmett, Paden, Jake and Mal are talking around the campfire and the next they are running a wagon train. Silverado is much too light-headed to ever achieve any emotional intensity. Among the long and talented cast, only Glenn's character is fully developed. As Mal, Glover drops with manner, while Glenn does a fine job of imitating Clint Eastwood. Arquette is left with an emotion — stadium — and Hunt's role is memorable but frustratingly truncated. The movie misses 19th-century spright and courage, yet verges on a confusing effect. Jake's dialogue belongs more on a California beach than in a western jail. Running at more than two hours, the movie is both a chronicle of a long trek and a test of the audience's stamina. Its many jokes never manage to make the road any less bumpy.



—LORENZO O'TOOLE



KEVIN COSTNER, LINDA HUNT AND ROBERT DENEHY (ABOVE); SCOTT GLENN AND TINA BROWN (BELOW), FROM SILVERADO

cabins. There are enough ganchos in the sequence to make an audience drop its knees and pray for silence. But the time shifts immediately as Emmett, crossing the desert on horseback, comes upon Paden (Kevin Kline). Parched, sun-streaked and dressed only in his undershirt, Paden is rather frantic for a man who is apparently dying. He immediately launches into witty banter with his rescuer. As the two men head for a cavalry outpost and develop their friendship, Silverado adopts a modern, tongue-in-cheek tone that it never fully abandons. Director Lawrence Kasdan (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*) has included enough material for four different movies: a traditional western and a parody of one; a piece of social commentary and a study of relationships. In straining to blend these distinctive styles, he has created an amiable mess.

Cluttered with story lines, Silverado has enough principal characters to confuse a saloon. By the time Emmett and Paden arrive at the outpost, early in the movie, half a lifetime seems to have drifted by. As a reformed outlaw, Paden meets his former associate, Cobb (Bob

Hoskins), whose son, Horseshoe (Anthony Arquette), becomes painfully obvious that such character will appear later, the viewer simply must be patient. Other pronounced actors, such as British comic John Cleese, who plays the town's ineffective sheriff, make little more than cameo appearances. The sheriff has jailed Emmett's brother, Jake (Kevin Costner), who is waiting to be hanged for murder.

Silverado is not as well-acted as it is well-plotted, awkwardly sequencing an unrelated tale. Kasdan relies heavily on coincidence, when Emmett and Paden help Jake escape and a posse tries to catch them, Mal reluctantly arrives to help them out. Still, John Badham's cinematography creates as air of realism. As the four principal characters journey to



—MATT JAHNKE/JULY 21, 1995

Time travellers in the Arctic zoo

By Allan Fotheringham

In a few days the cold-blooded men will set off in canoes to explore the Canadian wilderness—and themselves. It is the 13th year of a summer ritual high-pressure guys testing themselves against the wild rivers of Canada. The expedition is the invention of Craig Oliver, the pipe-smoking Washington correspondent of the *CNN* Network, who is also frequently seen on *Canada AM*, following the footprints of the slightly better-looking Paul Walker. Oliver and this year's gang are flying to Banks Island in the Beaufort Sea in Canada's Arctic. As far as he can figure, it will be the furthest north any Canadians apart from Eskimos have canoed. With him are Ted Johnson, the former Pierre Trudeau aide who is now a vice-president of Power Corp., Senator Peter Hollings (known as Sheep because of his inability to do simple, strong tasks), Denny Harvey, boss of *Mac's* English-language TV, John Godfrey, president of Halifax's King's College, and Tom MacKillop, director of *CNN* Canada.

The expedition, two by one, will explore the Arctic region of the island, where there are still wild and primitive birds. It is a sea of Arctic ecology. One of the rescue ships looking for the lost explorer Sir John Franklin was lost in the ice here for three years in the 1850s. The crew finally walked out on a spit where Oliver's gang will end their journey. It's a good spot for those high-pitched men, and now from the competition of backsliders and all those other embarrassing qualities that make 20th-century life so appealing. "You can't see your way down a river," says the adventure leader.

at the local radio station when he awoke, down at the dock one day, discovered Ring Crosby, along with Phil Harris and his other drinking buddies from a fishing yacht. She proudly told of her benevolence and how nice it would be if Ring would drop in the station. As around Crosby showed up and asked an uninvited and dramatically ungrateful radio staff for "Key Soothing Craig", it was his day off, Goss, at the Clark press conference in Prince Rupert, Mississauga McTee got up and started to attack the media relations, including one TV reporter called Craig Oliver, Craig's mother, is



the audience, jumped up and started attacking Marianne McTeece-Lane, on TV. Only in Prince Rupert.]

Oliver's demigode attracts a lot of interesting people. Tame Shiva, the Ottawa arts mandarin, has been on board. So has Hugh Footner, the Trudeau minister now living in India. Hugo Den McDonald, who is about to deliver the report on his massive Royal Commission into Aborts, has been a pallbearer. His wife, the indomitable Ruth, has been the only woman in 17 years, John Gau, the B.C. ski resort magnate,

who last both feet to frontize, has been a regular *Saturday Night* publisher. Jake Marfava has quit it. So has an American millionaire now high in GA apoloagy. Someone who based about it one year and failed to come along was another fitness freak called Pierre Trudeau. Among other things, he and a companion came upon two polar bears and Trudeau, as a last, starting chasing

Oliver, who spends months preparing the equipment and the formidable logistics, has over the years led his men through rivers and the way from the Arctic to the Pacific, to Alaska with 660 miles of the Russian border. His canoes have traced the path of the Gold Rush in the Klondike. This two-week trip is designed to terminate in McLean Strait at the date when you can watch the whales breed. Not too far distant from Washington and Toronto office politics, after all.

You have to be fit, needless to say, for these journeys. Godfrey stages several footbaths for the entire entourage at the college he runs, and almost always wins Kotchell his weight. Oliver has run two marathons. One year a cocky and well-known Ottawa operative talked him into absurd and proved to be so hapt that he almost drowned his companion in an ill-advised foray into a dangerous stream and one of the veterans pulled a pistol, threatening to kill him if he did not wake.

Every evening, after they have eaten, Old man goes around formally to each tent, asking that if they happen to be "free this evening" and have nothing else to do, would they care to drop in for cocktails—row (overhead) cocktails. It is the only house allowed ashore.

At night they read the diaries of early explorers. Oliver claims that in the human wilderness left in the world, The Soviet Union has two cities larger than Winnipeg in its Arctic wastes. His men don't complain though; they bring in no engines, no gasoline. "It's like walking back in time 1,000 years. You lose your identity, you lose your place."





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